The Bystander, July 20, 1921. No. 920. Vol. LXXI.

The BYSTANDER

BY FRED BUCHANAN

DIS—"ARMS AND THE MAN"

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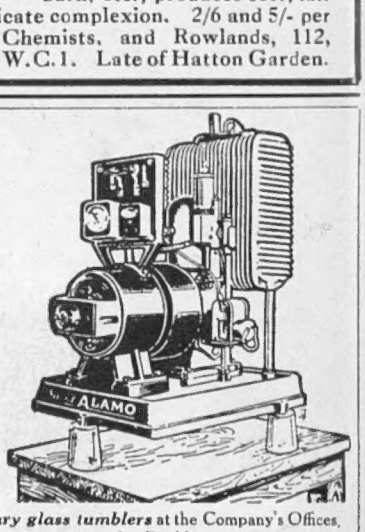

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

By Victor Hicks

Let's hope for good use of the Irish truce
And may the heat wave roll on its way,
For all nations will soon disarm—what a boon!
And brotherly love will hold sway.

Too Many Cocktails?

It is an unfortunate moment, just when we are all being told how important is a friendly feeling between the two countries, and when President Harding has invited us to a sort of peace conference, for our newspapers, or some of them, to make a violent attack upon that great American institution, the cocktail. One might think that it had just been introduced, and was as deadly as cocaine. We are gravely told that men who drink seven and eight cocktails before luncheon or dinner begin their meal in a more or less inebriated condition, and do themselves much harm. I should think so! Eight whiskies and sodas or eight cups of tea, eight chocolate creams, or eight anything elses, just before dinner, would certainly have a very deleterious effect upon the diner. The cocktail should not be condemned just because a few people may abuse it. That is the method of the Pussyfoot.

"To be Shaken Before Taken"

A cocktail, properly mixed and used, is a pleasant and harmless adjunct to luncheon or dinner. I say "mixed," and at once come up against the doctors who have been attacking the cocktail just because it is a "mixed" drink. I have a great respect for doctors, but they are the greatest purveyors of 'mixed" drinks in the world. Look at their prescriptions! If they prescribe an appetiser it will probably contain several more ingredients than does the ordinary cocktail. And if you took eight doses of it for every one prescribed I fancy the result would be almost as bad as that of taking eight cocktails. The doctor orders that his mixture should be "shaken before taken." A properly mixed cocktail is always well shaken.

Drinks "Worth While"!

No attack has been made on our own mixed drinks—but look at our recipes for punch. I have no space to quote one, but almost anyone of them, from the "mixing" point of view, would make a cocktail think itself a milk and soda. And then, our "cups"—our claret cup, our cider cup, our hock cup. To be "worth while" any one of them as a "mixture" would make a cocktail blush. A good hock cup has more hiccup than several cocktails. We have many mixed drinks, there are really only two cocktails—the martini and the Manhattan. The martini is made of gin and French vermouth, the

By MacMichael

HOW ELSE SHOULD WE KNOW?

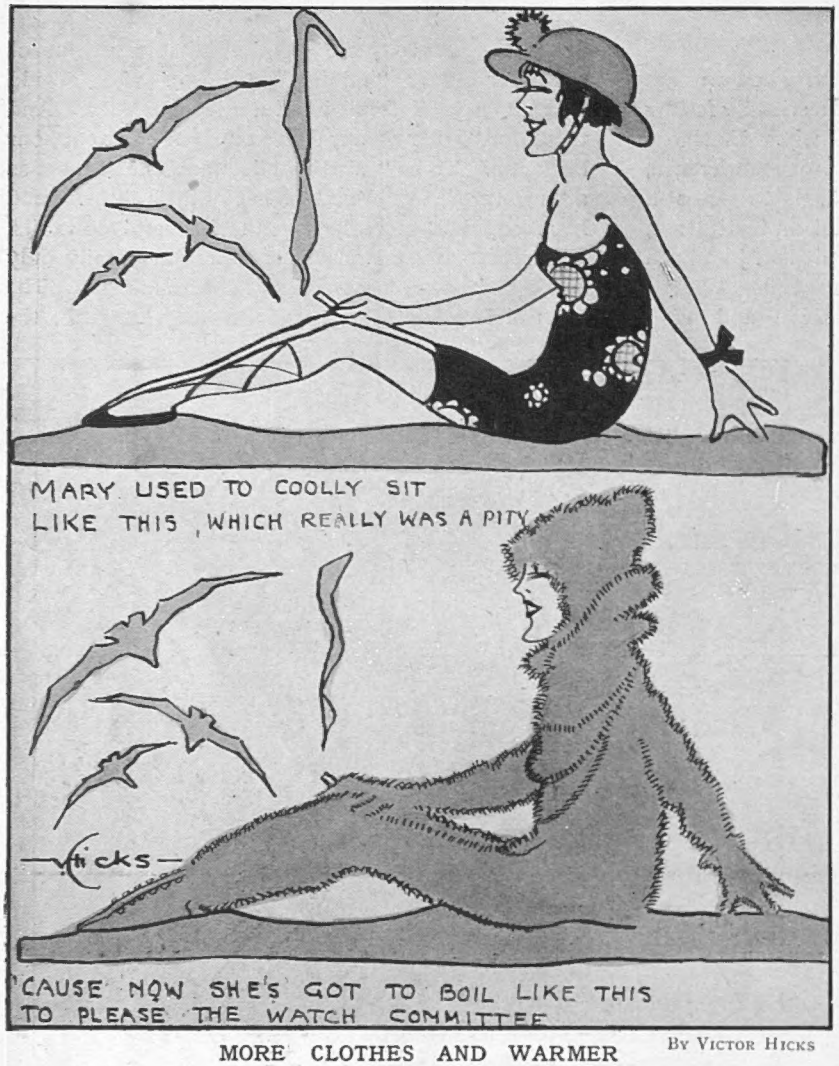
Most of our readers have by this time learned that the weather has been rather warm lately—if they haven't then they must have sadly neglected their daily papers. Our cartoon suggests one method by which readers were able to tell when the rain arrived

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Manhattan of rye or Bourbon whisky and vermouth. Those who like a sweet drink have some Italian vermouth added to them. Various " bitters " may be added—but most folk eschew these. The cocktail, well shaken in cracked ice, is well blended and much diluted with ice water. Our " gin and angostura " is a crude, unblended, and much more vicious drink.

For Ladies Only ?

SOMEONE will probably tell me of the long list of so-called cocktails—the " Brain Duster," the " Maiden's Blush," the " this " and the " that " of the comic papers, and, indeed, of the bar-tender's own list. They are all *blague*. They are martinis or Manhattans variously coloured and disguised. A favourite cocktail, especially with ladies, is the Bronx—a gentleman writing with all the aplomb of an expert in one morning paper calls it the " Bronc," of course, it is named after that part of Manhattan Island called The Bronx. Now a Bronx is simply a mild martini with a good deal of orange juice mixed in with it. It is a very pleasant apéritif—for ladies. But I must stop—I could write a book about cocktails.



MORE CLOTHES AND WARMER

By Victor Hicks

Hades in the Hot Weather

I HAVE heard several people wondering at the number of deaths and cases of prostration reported from New York when the temperature there has been practically the same as in London. Well, London is certainly warm with the thermometer at 90 degs. in the shade—but New York is Hades ! With the temperature the same in both cities—say anything from 85 degs. to 90 degs.—there has not been a day during our heat spell on which a New Yorker suddenly dropped into London would not have sighed with relief. It is the humidity which makes New York's heat so hideous. The air seems unbreathable. Collars wilt in a walk of a hundred yards. But for a well-organised free ice supply the children of the poor would die by scores. Night brings practically no relief. Hardened Australians and tough Anglo-Indians alike declare that a New York heat spell has horrors peculiar to itself. If we were as well prepared against heat as are New Yorkers—in houses and diet and clothes, with ice and electric fans, and many other things, this heat wave would have caused practically no discomfort. But, thank goodness, we don't *have* to be so prepared.

A Chilly Moment

THERE used to be one boast that a Briton, and especially a Londoner, could always make over the inhabitant of any other country or city—and that was the speed and efficiency of our letter-post. There was nothing like it in the world. But to-day ? Well, Lieut.-Colonel O'Meara confesses that his ten years' experience as Engineer-in-chief of the P.O. convinced him that " the methods of administration and organisation of the G.P.O. are fundamentally wrong." Mr. Kellaway, the Postmaster-General, owns up that when he rose to make his statements on the Estimates in the House of Commons he did so " in an atmosphere of frigid hostility." There was not " a murmur of welcome," he says, and his wife, who was in the Ladies' Gallery, said it was the " chilliest moment " of her life.

Our Terrible Postal Service

I SYMPATHISE with Mrs. Kellaway, but I am sure that Lieut.-Colonel O'Meara is right, and I do not think that any Postmaster-General will deserve " a murmur of welcome " until he has improved things. The other afternoon, in an important post-office about four miles from this Office, a letter was posted to us before 6 p.m. It had not been delivered at eleven the following morning—more than seventeen hours after it had started on its four-mile journey. If this had happened only once one might put it down to the heat-wave, or any

By E. T. Reed

BLIXES AND MENDS; OR, PHYSICAL "SPOONERISMS" AMONG OUR CELEBRITIES

one of our other troubles. But it has happened, I find, time after time. There can be only one reason for it—slack inefficiency.

The Glamour of the Ballet

THE Russian performances at the Princes have just terminated; but, even so, I still have the opportunity of seeing them whenever I want, because Mr. John Lane has sent me a wonderful book, "*The Russian Ballet in Western Europe*, 1909-1920," by Mr. W. A. Propert, published this week at six guineas. This seems a big price, but not when you consider that there are sixty-three plates, thirty-six of them in colour, and many of them by Bakst. Only 500 numbered copies are on sale in this country, so I feel I am particularly lucky.

"Rain"—a Bill Line

WHEN the rain began to dribble at Plymouth last week, an evening paper gave a full poster to the word "Rain." That shows the power of the meteorological Pussyfoot, who has made England more dry than even Mr. Johnson has ever imagined. I remember a similar commonplace—become rare. When the Blackwall Tunnel opened, the children from the Middlesex side wandered across it into Kent, and came back with handfuls of grass and wild flowers. They had never seen the like before.

Photograph *Sport and General*

ROYAL VISIT TO THE CHANNEL ISLANDS

The Royal party ascending the Connaught slip on landing at Guernsey. Their Majesties, together with Princess Mary, made the journey in the Royal yacht, "Victoria and Albert," and received wonderful ovations throughout their tour

Photograph] **PRINCESS MARY** *[Alfieri*

Inspecting the Girl Guides in the grounds of Elizabeth College, Guernsey. President of the Girl Guides, her keen interest in the movement is well known

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The State Ball

It is just seven years ago since the last State Ball was held at Buckingham Palace—a fortnight before the outbreak of War—a ball that to many will always have the significance the famous Richmond ball the night before Waterloo had for their great-grandmothers.

And what a difference between the State Ball of July, 1914, and the State Ball of 1921! Then all the Court regulations as to dresses and trains seemed as immovable and unchangeable as the gorgeous *mise-en-scène* itself—stalwart Guardsmen, Yeomen of the Guard, and scarlet Royal liveries. The War has democratised—if one may use the word in this sense—even the Palace ballroom. This year's State Ball, judged by the women's dresses, might have been an especially smart ball in a big London house. Even dowagers disdained the brocades and velvets of former days. It was a ball of gossamer and embroideries. In one respect, however, it did differ from a private function — the women's jewels. The Queen of Sheba in all her glory did not glitter so superbly as some of the great dames, who wore tiaras and necklaces that have not seen the light for seven years.

There was the Royal quadrille, without which a State Ball would not be a State Ball, but after that there were valses and fox-trots. Fox-trots at the very steps of the Throne, and after all we have heard of august disapproval of this child of the modern ballroom! Another sign of democracy, perhaps, but quite old, old ladies and gentlemen, who would get giddy if they waltzed, fox-trot now.

The two Queens were magnificent, and Belgian Orders seemed to glitter upon every other bosom—male and female. It was interesting to note that Lieut.-Colonel Evelyn Gibbs, who married the Marquis and Marchioness of Cambridge's daughter, Lady Helena, was included in the Royal procession to the ballroom, walking last with his wife—a happy sign that when the daughters of the Royal house marry commoners their husbands will be recognised on State occasions.

Very Much Pre-War

Another sign that we are beginning to let the "dead past bury its dead" was my Lady Marchioness Curzon's dance for young people, which followed closely upon her great dinner for the King and Queen of the Belgians. Towards midnight the amusing clowns in *The League of Notions* suddenly made their appearance, and gave a most diverting entertainment.

Before the War dancing was not a sufficient attraction, and hostesses, anxious to make a success or gain *réclame*, spent anxious hours at entertainment agents seeking a "novelty." I remember a tremendous sensation being caused when Lady Millicent Hawke (then Duchess of Sutherland)

had two Apache dancers over from the Café de Paris for one of the last dances given at Stafford House before it was bought by Lord Leverhulme.

Most of the middle-aged people present expected the roof to fall in, and if the story that went round the gay company to the effect that the male Apache had killed three dancing partners by his violence gave a thrill to the younger folk, it sent up dozens of pairs of eyes and hands in pious horror. Nothing was talked of for days after but that Apache dance at Stafford House. So Lady Curzon is only taking us back to our pre-War *moutons* — but, happily, of a gentler and more amusing kind.

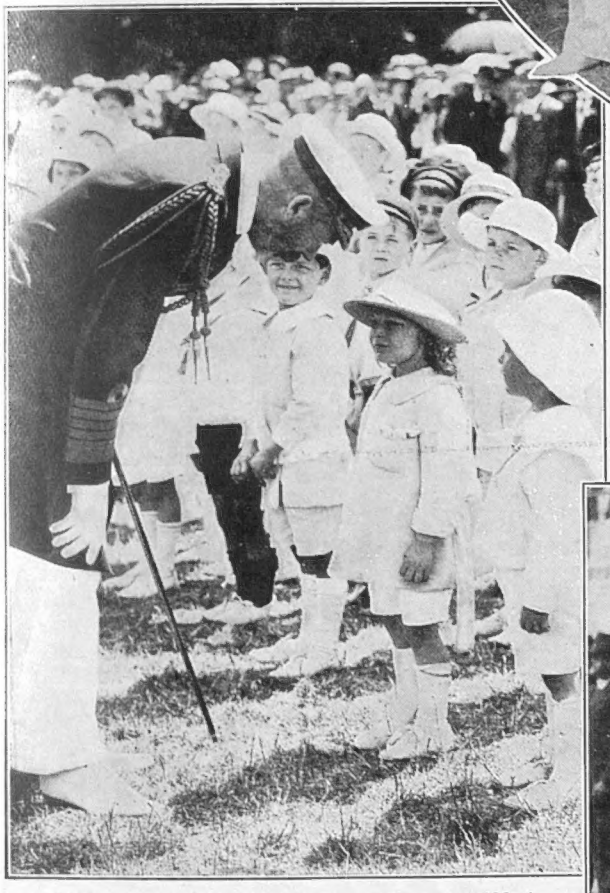
A Sidelight on Charity Balls

JUST another word on dances. This season has seen big houses lent for charity balls with great dames acting as hostesses and Royalty adding the attraction of its presence. Anyone chancing to go to one of these balls would believe himself at a private function—the dresses, the jewels, the company, the supper, offer no suggestion that everybody is there because they have bought a ticket. It is all excellent for the charities, and I say no word about that.

Photograph AT THE JERSEY CATTLE SHOW [*Central News*

During their visit the Royal party spent some time at the Cattle Show, where the King was presented with a Jersey cow. The King is seen with the Lieutenant-Bailiff of the island

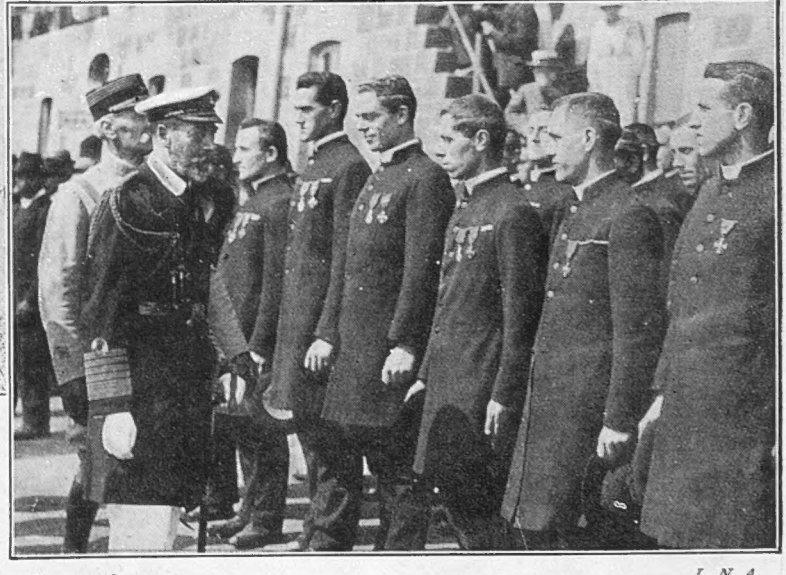
But here is a curious outcome of these dances, and I daresay the instance I give you now can be multiplied a good many times. There is a certain lady, a peeress, who is not received by the *grande monde*. Her conduct is irreproachable, but there were circumstances in the past upon which Society took very definite views, and, consequently, the lady moves in upper Bohemian circles and amidst



Photograph *Alfieri*

THE KING AND THE CHILDREN

His Majesty speaking to a small girl in Cambridge Park, Guernsey, where a large gathering of school-children welcomed the Royal visitors



Photograph *L. N. A.*

THE "FIGHTING PARSONS"

A contingent of Jesuit Fathers were amongst the ex-Service men drawn up for inspection at the Jersey quayside. It will be observed that every man in the front row has been decorated with the Croix de Guerre

Photograph *Alfieri*

LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S

Mr. H. R. S. Birkin and his bride, Miss Audrey Latham, younger daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Latham, who were married last week at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Large crowds braved the abnormal heat to see the ceremony

those who are pleased to number titled folk amongst their acquaintance, no matter how much the title may be lacking in value.

Now, accounts of the dances of which I speak have appeared in the newspapers, with a list of those present, as is the custom with private parties. In each case the name of this particular lady figures amongst some of the most exclusive dames in London. I heard someone, who ought to have known better, say the other day, "I see Lady —— was at such-and-such a ball last night. The Duchess of That and Lady This (here followed a string of well-known names) were there, too, so I suppose she is being received at last!" If this was the impression Lady —— desired to convey, who shall blame her?

But it is an interesting sidelight to know that when Lady —— applied to a patroness of one of these balls her cheque was returned, with a polite intimation that all the tickets were sold. Yet Lady —— was present at that ball! She bought a ticket at the door, and, going up to the newspaper reporter in the hall, gave her name without waiting to be asked for it!

Un Beau Scandale d'Outre-Manche

PARIS has a *beau scandale*. Last December a divorce took place between the Duc and Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnerre—a sufficient sensation in the Faubourg St. Germain, for the Duchesse was *née* de Gramont, a daughter of the Duc de Gramont and the Duchesse de Guiche, and the Clermont-Tonnerres are equally of the old *noblesse*. But now sensation has been added to sensation.

The *ci-devant* Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnerre, who is known as Madame de Gramont, has taken judicial proceedings against her former husband for theft and "*abus de confiance*" which is the French legal way of putting something our legal procedure calls by a harsher name.

Mme. de Gramont declares that the Duc de Clermont-Tonnerre has kept her fortune of three and a half million francs which should have been returned to her after the divorce, as well as a large quantity of valuable furniture and *objets*

Photograph *Central News*

A TANK PIONEER

Major T. G. Hetherington was married last week to Miss Clemintina Bartolucci, a cousin of Lord Tweeddale, at the Brompton Oratory. Major Hetherington is a well-known flying officer, as well as an authority on Tanks

Photograph *Bassano, Ltd.*

A BRIDAL GROUP

The marriage of Major R. Wilberforce, O.B.E., Royal Sussex Regiment, eldest son of the late Bishop of Chichester, and Mrs. Jane Egerton, widow of Captain Louis Egerton took place recently. The bride was attended by her two little daughters, the Misses Mary and Sybil Egerton

Photograph Mendoza

Photograph Bassano, Ltd.

FORTHCOMING BRIDES

MISS JOAN LLOYD

The daughter of Sir Martin and Lady Lloyd, of Bronwydd, Wales, who is to be married on August 10 to Mr. P. S. Gregson-Ellis of the Grenadier Guards

MISS MARY BETTY CUNLIFFE

Lord and Lady Cunliffe's eldest daughter, whose marriage to Captain O. S. I. Northcote, late Suffolk Regiment, takes place very soon

THE DUKE'S BODYGUARD

During his visit to officiate at the opening ceremony of King George's Sanatorium for Sailors at Bramshott, the Duke of York inspected a detachment of Wolf Cubs. The Duke's smile seems unable to thaw the "disciplined" features of this very earnest young Wolf Cub

d'art, and that, in consequence, she has been reduced to poverty. To add to the sensation of these proceedings the Duke's old valet, now an inn-keeper in Auvergne, is cited as co-defendant with his former master.

It is said that Mme. de Gramont has exhausted all the means possible to effect the return of her fortune, and has been forced to bring the charges of theft and "*abus de confiance*."

The hearing of the case is eagerly awaited by *tout Paris*, which dearly loves a scandal in the Faubourg St. Germain, but the general opinion seems to be that the Duc will be fined 16 francs—the minimum amount for "*abus de confiance*"—and ordered to return the three and a half millions.

But you can imagine the sensation. It is just as if a former wife of one of our divorced Dukes had her former husband up at Bow Street for theft and swindling.

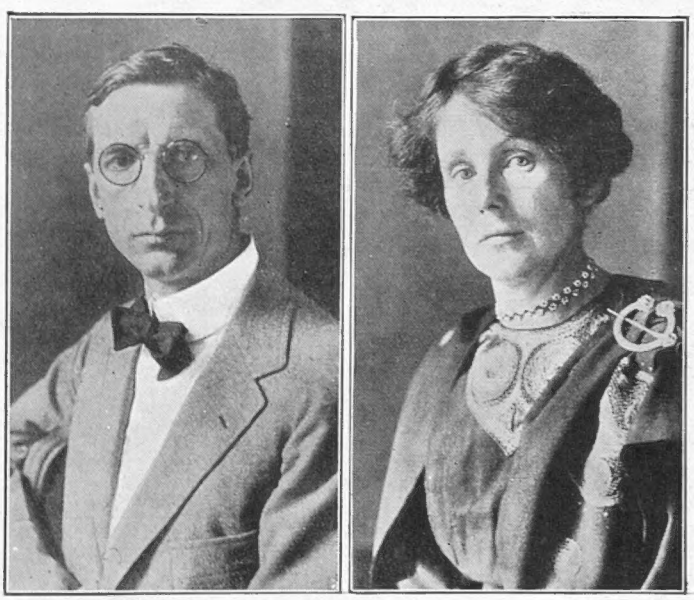
"Cast Your Bread on the Waters"

All they that are married know the "dud" wedding present that is passed on from one married couple to another, like the Christmas card which was exchanged solemnly between two old maiden ladies for ten years. Only in that case one of the ladies suggested they had better get a new one as the corners were getting worn. The corners never seem to get worn off the "dud" wedding present.

But this is one of the most amusing things I've ever heard concerning wedding presents. A prospective bride living in the country was given an especially hideous, but valuable vase by a relation. There was the proviso, however, that it could be changed at the London shop at which it had been bought if not approved. The prospective bride came a-chiffoning to London, bringing the vase with her. She and her young man carried it to the shop and made an exchange, the damsel taking the new present with her to the country. When the young man returned to his chambers, after seeing his bride-to-be off at her station, a bulky package awaited him. Opened, it disclosed—what do you think? The identical vase they had exchanged two or three hours before! It had been sent to him by a friend!

The only explanation is that the friend of the prospective bridegroom must have gone into the shop a few minutes after the vase had been "dumped," and had either been a victim of a wily shopman or of his own want of taste. In any case, the coincidence is as odd as it is amusing because, during the *pourparlers* of exchange, the bridegroom's name was never mentioned.

The question is—can they exchange the vase again?

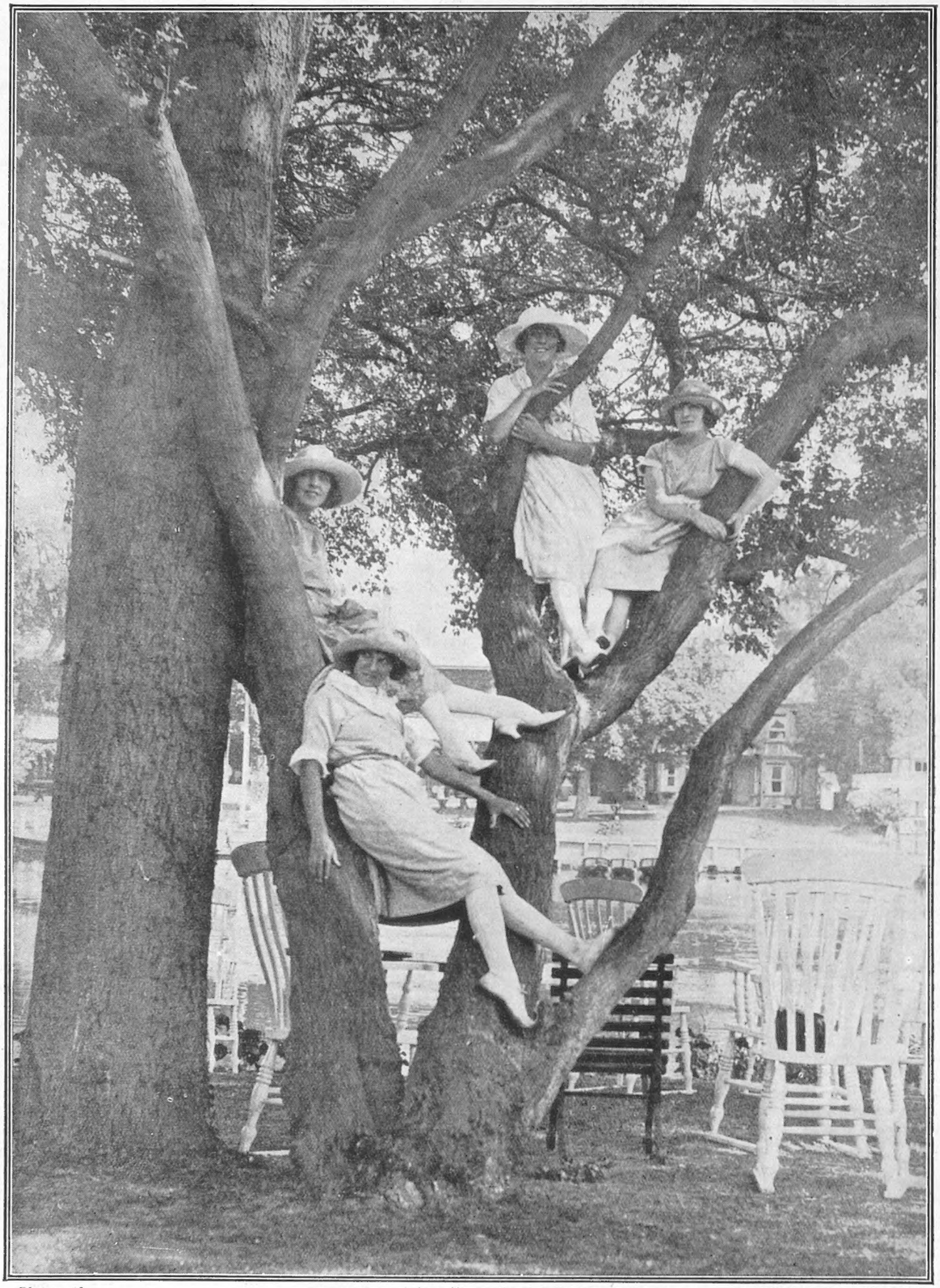


Photographs G. P. A.

MR. AND MRS. DE VALERA

Eamonn de Valera, "President of the Irish Republic," whose conference with the Prime Minister last week marked an epoch in the long-disputed Irish question. Sinn Fein Ireland trusts him implicitly to secure her all she demands. If he cannot eventually return with "the goods" . . . ? Mrs. de Valera did not accompany him to London

A Tree-mendous Success



Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

BYSTANDERS AT THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS' REGATTA

Which took place last week over the Bray reach, and provided ample amusement both to crews and spectators. The great attraction of the Guards' Regatta is that it is never taken too seriously—result, universal enjoyment

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *July* 18

DEAR COUSIN—

ALWAYS a bit of a surprise, somehow, isn't it, to find oneself right at the end of the Season, with capital S? But doesn't seem quite so sudden and unexpected this time as some others, partly, I suppose, because of the heat wave, which sent lots and lots of us out of London long before we should ordinarily have dreamt of going, and has left us all gasping and panting for some sort of a change "any time, any how, anywhere."

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BUT how truly nobly we have borne up through it all, in spite of hottest days since 1881 or thereabouts, and sunshine that's been a first-class imitation of the tropical kind—the sort we're all always praying for, but do so hate and grouse about when we get it! How religiously we've turned out in our thousands and tens of thousands to shows like the Eton and Harrow match, women party-frocked and men top-hatted, when what we *really* wanted to do was just to lie lazily about in a kimono on the lawn or luxuriously eat the iciest of ices in the coldest cold bath that ever was—spite of all the old Water Board restrictions and things!

"The heat wave"

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DUTIFULLY we have attended garden parties and those charity *matinées*, and sales that are, I do believe, the boringest thing in all the world, even when the thermom. isn't somewhere around ninety in the shade. All for a good cause, of course—but must say I'd much rather pay my cheque in direct than have to spend it in the form of programmes at anything a time (hypnotised by fear of the frozen optic of the fair and titled seller if you, or, anyway, the Person that Pays, doesn't give her enough, or, I *should* say, too much). And ices at about a King's Ransom each, and tea at gold leaf prices, and no change given.

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AND apart from the trimmings and extras, oh, *the* very dullest shows, most of 'em, that anyone could ever have thought of even in their dullest and dreariest moments. Painful revivals of ancient plays that ought to have been buried long ago, acted by scratch casts who haven't rehearsed, and half of them don't know their lines. Long, long waits, interspersed with "turns" by talented amateurs whose frightfully sprightly vivacity and awkward archness make one positively hang one's head with shame for one's misguided fellowman, and woman.

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QUITE one of the most awful sensations there is, don't you think, that intense feeling of (utterly misplaced) sympathy for the (would-be) actors and singers who fail altogether to grip their audience, and only succeed in setting our teeth completely on edge. They do try so hard that your whole being is permeated with sadness for the tragedy of failure that must have overwhelmed them. And then . . . and then when you go "behind" with the idea of administering somehow the balm of tactful consolation, you find—what? Well, as a rule, either (1) complete satisfaction with the triumphal reception and uproarious welcome that they haven't had, or (2) superior and regretful pity for the unintelligent mob which has been unable to appreciate the rather too refined and *recherché* entertainment placed before it!

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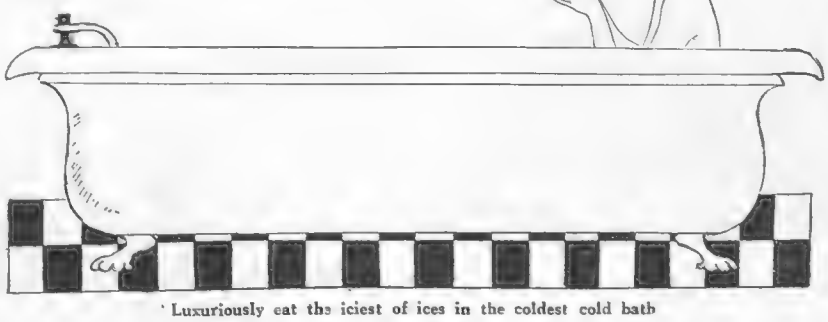
BUT isn't it too lovely to be like that? Oh, how I enjoy them—and how successful, surely, they're bound to be somehow, some time, somewhere, with these most enviable qualities to carry them through. Never to know when you're beaten—isn't that how we won the battle of Waterloo on the playing fields of Eton? Or am I getting a little mixed too, what?



Luxuriously eat the iciest of ices in the coldest cold bath

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

RATHER difficult to think really collectedly, these July days, isn't it? Even if the sun doesn't happen to be shining too distractingly, and the roses blooming too radiantly, and the bees humming around too softly or soothingly for anyone with a temperament made of anything less cool and strong than the strongest and coolest iron or steel to turn their attention at all to the mere matter of thinking, instead of just joyfully and greedily swallowing and absorbing the sensations of the moment.

卐 卐

THERE'S a sort of glamour and restlessness somehow, isn't there, about this time of the year? You may be just one of the workers—as, after all, most of us are. You may be one of those unlucky, or lucky, people whose every day is parcelled out for them into so many working hours and so many (or few) play hours, whatever happens, and whether it's sunny or cloudy, or burning hot or bitterly cold, or raining or snowing, or whatnot. But all the same, and even if it happens to be at the moment one of the very worst stumers yet in the way of days, there's something of a strange, compelling magic about the atmosphere in England just now.

"Politicians so busy already planning their autumn campaigns"

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IT'S not the magic of spring, with its promise of life and burgeoning buds and swelling sap and soft caressing airs—nor the magic of autumn, that fascinates by its grandeur and rich colouring, and the exquisite scents and hues of the dying year. A kind of a zenith that's really partly the charm, I think, of July and August, the "holiday" months—it's the time, I mean, when nature reaches its loveliest and fullest, and even poor human nature at its busiest and most tied up gets for once a chance to burst its bonds and look at the world as it really is.

卐 卐

A TIME when, released for a while from the year-long routine, even the most strenuous of us can realise for a while the joys of country instead of Town—

> But to have lain upon the grass
> One perfect day, one perfect hour,
> Beholding all things mortal pass
> Into the quiet of green grass . . .
> Ah! in these flaring London nights,
> Where midnight withers into morn;
> How quick a rebuke it writes
> Across the sky of London nights!

And, as the same poet writes,

> Peace waits among the hills;
> I have drunk peace.
> Here, where the blue air fills
> The great cup of the hills,
> And fills with peace.

卐 卐

STILL, the glamour of London's not quite past yet either, you know, even if the season is very near its end, with Goodwood next week to give it its very last and finishing touch. Still a few strenuous days to be dined and lunched and danced in, though by the end of this week curfew will have been tolled over a good many of the dance and other amusement places in Town. The (more or less) open-air ones, among which last, like the Riviera or Murray's at Maidenhead, have naturally been particularly in request these torrid nights we've been having just lately.

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THE Commons, for one (or several), aren't going to rise till well on into August, so there'll be *someone* in Town, anyway, to keep the place warm for a little while yet. Poor slave-driven, persecuted, and harried world's-workers, our poor dear M.P.'s, what? So busy planning autumn campaigns and things they are, too, with any amount of speeches all over the country, and prospects of a General Election in the offing. But as Parliament, anyway, isn't meeting again till February—well, p'raps they aren't *quite* so much to be pitied as some of us, spite of everything.

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"Still some summer sales"

STILL some sales on, and theatres, too, seem to be going fairly strong, notwithstanding the counter-attractions of this holiday time of year, *and* the trade slump that's discouraged everyone, except the very best profiteers, from launching out into anything really worth mentioning in the way of parties and entertainments, and all that sort of thing. It's an oddish world, isn't it?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

A Kiss With a Kick In It!

BY WILMOT LUNT

"Do you want to be woke early in the morning, Sir?"
"Yes, Mary, with a kiss"
"All right, Sir—I'll tell the Boots."

A SLICE OF LUCK. By A. P. Garland

A CARELESSLY dressed man, with a careworn face, and as much *joie de vivre* as a codfish on a poulterer's slab, came into the club smoking-room, glanced around as if looking for someone and hoping not to find him, and then withdrew unobtrusively.

"Great Scott!" I gasped, "what a burst of sunshine! Did he expect to find a funeral here or what?"

"He's not exactly hilarious, if that's what you mean," said Carstairs. "But neither would *you* be in his circumstances. The man's life's a tragedy."

"Shoot," said I, remembering O. Henry and the American magazines.

"Right O," said Carstairs. "It may interest you as it deals with golf.

"TEN years ago," he went on, "there were two members of the Drayborough Golf Club, named Hillier and Roberts, respectively. They were both about twenty-eight years of age, very much alike in appearance, manners, and circumstances, and very good friends. Until they both fell crazily in love with a girl named Paula Deans, who joined the club just then. She was a tall, handsome girl who could hold her own with most of the handicap players.

"A few weeks after she had joined, Hillier and Roberts began to show signs, as you might say. Hillier took to mineral waters and Roberts gave up cards. They used to hang around the pavilion waiting till Miss Deans arrived, and try to out-manœuvre one another in order to win the privilege of playing a round with her.

"SOON we all got interested and bets were made as to which of the two would snaffle her in the end.

"She didn't appear to notice what was going on—she was too wrapped up in golf. I've seen enthusiasts at the game in my time, but never anybody to touch her. I've heard since that she used to spend hours in the evening practising short putts on the drawing-room carpet at home.

"At all events the two men began to hate each other so cheerfully that some of us expected to hear any day of their having a duel with mashies on the fourth green in order to settle their difference.

"Then came the famous golfing match. None of us knew at the time, but we learned long afterwards that the two rivals had come to an agreement that the loser of the match should resign from the club and leave the other a free field to win Paula Deans.

"NOW the match was bound to be very close. Both men were on a handicap of two, and there was scarcely a stroke between them in a round. And as the rumour went about that each had backed himself for a large amount quite a number of us turned up to watch the match.

"Well, there was a big difference in their games. Roberts' strength lay in his driving from the tee. He was really a master with a wooden club, and he could reckon on getting forty to fifty yards ahead of Hillier with his drive, apart from the fact that he kept a perfect line for the pin. Hillier was a weak driver, inclined to top his ball, and get off the line.

"But when it came to chip shots or putting Hillier was easily superior. So that near the green he was able to get back what he had lost on the long strokes.

"THE match came off, and Hillier won by three up and two to play. He won the first four holes with ease, because in each case Roberts sliced his drive into the long grass or the river. After that he laid aside his driver and drove superbly with his brassie, out-distancing Hillier every time. But he never recovered from his first failures, and in the end, as I've said, he was well beaten

"I saw him after he got back to the pavilion, and I never heard a man express greater disgust at his failure.

"'I haven't sliced like that for six years,' said he. 'I can't make it out.'

"At all events, he took his defeat quietly, and left the club. We heard afterwards that he had gone to live on the other side of London and had joined another club.

"Meanwhile Hillier had seized his opportunity, and soon his engagement to Miss Deans was announced.

"The day they got married, Barstow, our professional's assistant, got drunk and blurted out the truth of Roberts' failure in the match.

"ROBERTS clubs had been left in his locker, as usual, the night before. Hillier had bribed Barstow to extract Roberts' driver and plane away the face of it, so that it would not present a square surface to the ball. Afterwards he had varnished it over again sufficiently well for it to pass muster.

"As a result, poor old Roberts, whose driving was his strong suit, had started off by losing the first four holes through slicing. Then when he thought it better to lay aside his driver as it was too late to catch up on a man who was his equal on the all-round game.

"So Roberts lost the match and the girl."

"That's jolly interesting," said I, "and I can understand Roberts feeling pretty sick over it, especially as I suppose he found out about the dirty trick that was played on him."

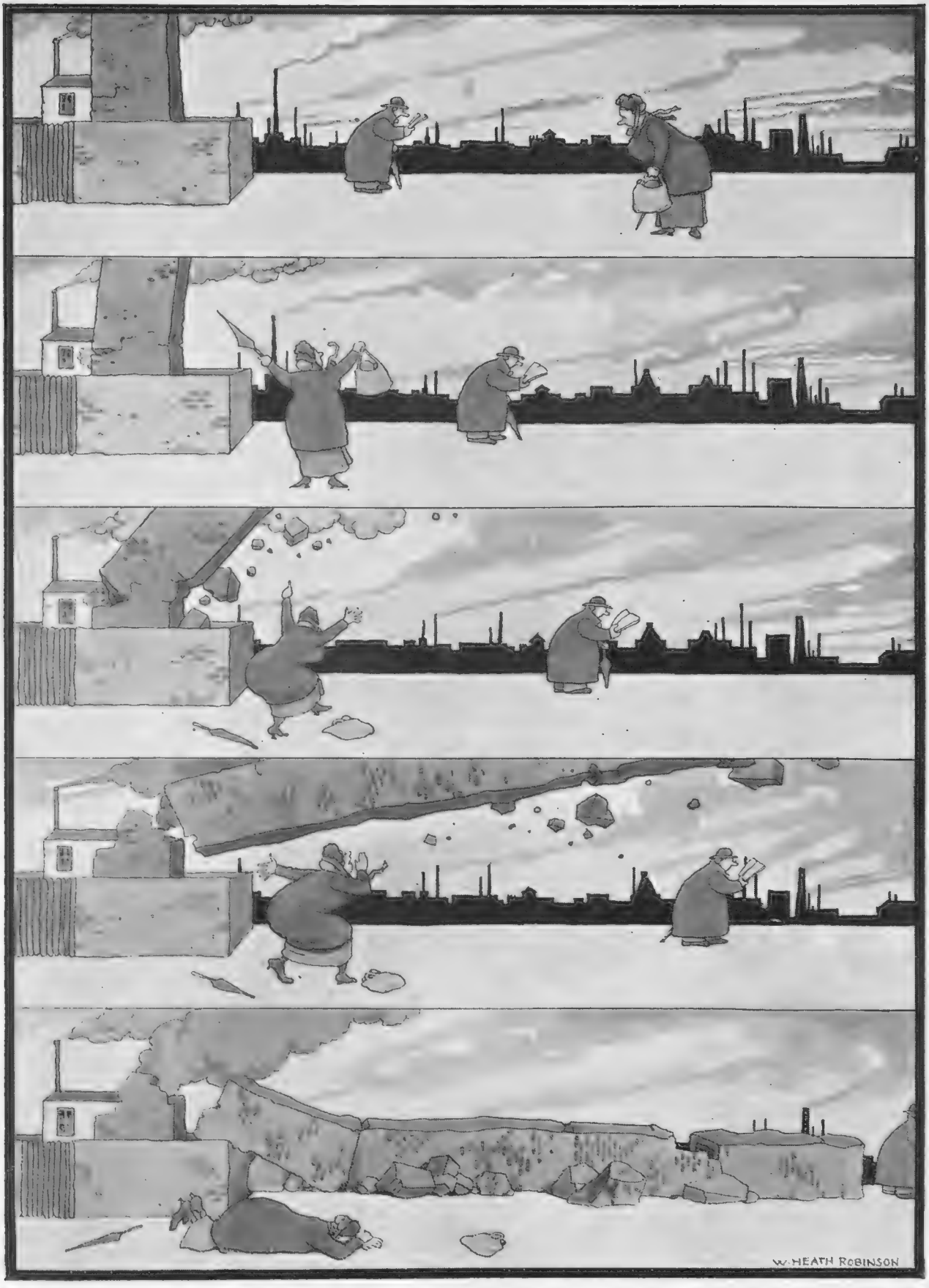
"Yes," said Carstairs, "he learned about it some months later."

"That's all very fine," said I, "but hang it, it's ten years ago. No matter how badly cut up he was at the time, surely an affair like that ought not to last all these years. Yet what a miserable, spineless wreck he looked just now!"

"Don't be an ass," said Carstairs. "That's Hillier."

A. P. G.

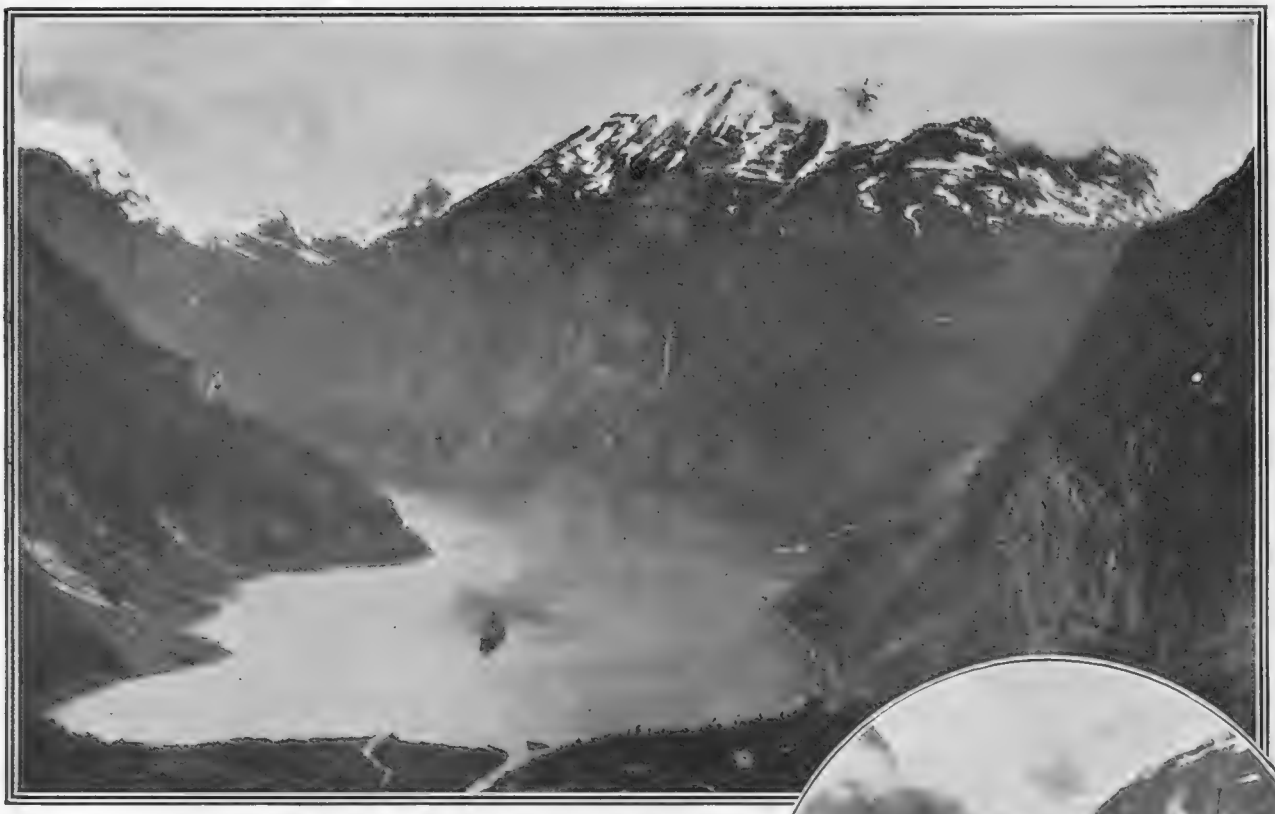
The Thrill



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A TALE OF A FALLING CHIMNEY

After Seven Years



Not a penny steamer—but a 15,000 ton liner at Merok, at the head of the Geiranger Fjord. (Inset) On Lake Loen—One of the excellent shore trips arranged by Cooks. In this lake is an island which in 1905 fell off the mountain with a couple of villages. A cruel country in the Winter despite its Spring and Summer smiles

The "Ormuz" at Hellesylt, where the waters of the Fjord are so deep that she was unable to anchor

After seven years the wonderful waters of the Norwegian Fjords are again available to holidays makers. Pleasure cruises are being run fortnightly by the Orient Line, who are using for the purpose a 15,000 ton liner, the "Ormuz"—a veritable floating hotel. Such a holiday presents many attractions, obviating as it does all the worries of baggage and hotels

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

JACK'S JAWS PUZZLE THE PROFESSORS

MES AMIS—

Encore une fois that Woman is the one Strong Man of France. Because that Georges has come to fail we have left to us but Suzanne. May her trip to America avenge the disaster *à la Dempsey*. France has need of it. It will be long before one recovers from the disappointment of the *défaite* Carpentier. It will not be till one has explained the mystery of the jaws of Jack Dempsey. Those jaws have given the wrinkled foreheads in all the tiny villages of France. And will, without the doubt, continue to do so as long as the present generation does live. They have been discussed across the cider in Brittany and the Pommard in Bourgogne. And not either beverage has done anything but add to the wonderment.

I HAVE spent the evening of the great fight at the *appartement* of Georges Carpentier, and I will never forget the look of incredulity on the face of Madame Georgette. She has refused at the first to believe that Dempsey has received a "direct" on the chin from George's right without to be "put knock-out." And when she has been forced to realise she has not been able to conceal the amazement. She has known what is the power of the fist of Georges. So she has shown the respect of almost terror for the jaws of Jack—that could withstand it without so much as to flinch. And the bewilderment *préliminaire* of Madame Georgette has become the puzzlement *perpétuel* of the whole of France. It is not an affair merely of the *sportifs*. It is a topic of all the *milieus*. That is why one has found it such a question of the *actualité* so long after the event. One will not have the surprise if the College of France shall ask Dempsey to bequeath his jaws, to see of what really they are made. The construction shall provide much material for the learned discourses of the professors.

ALREADY the jaws of Jack have come within the purview of the critics of the literature. They have let loose upon them the finest of their adjectives. It is not the habit of the literary critics to make any but the scornful allusions to *la boxe*. And then merely to condemn with the superciliousness the waste of the time which they consider that it is. From the refined air of the Olympian heights they have in the past flung the epithets of the superior person. But this time they have had to come down from the mountain and join in the surprise of the common people. Even the very remote M. Paul Souday, the literary senator of the readers of the grave and elderly *Temps*, has had to devote a *papier* to the revelation of his astonishment—a crescendo of the admiration for a jaw that could receive a wallop from Georges Carpentier as an elephant would take a flick from a Malacca cane. And when one has had upon a subject the opinion of M. Paul Souday one has read the last word.

I THINK I come to make it clear, therefore, that this question of the jaws of Jack Dempsey is a matter of the national disputation for the long time. It has already had the effect to give the enthusiasts of the sport the deep cause to think. It has taught that the strength must be bred into the bone and that it will take the long years of the work and the training before La France is able to produce a body

"As an elephant would take a flick"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

of sportsmen that is able to compete, on the equal terms with the Americans. The view official is that the defeat will rather do the good than the harm. Everyone, of course, has to the acutest degree the personal sorrow for the *petit Georges* who has won all the hearts by the good-heartedness, the good sportsmanship and the modesty. But from the point of view of the *salut national* it has been felt that the defeat is to the greater good than the victory. Much progress has been made in the sport in the recent years, but not so much as many people of France have appeared to believe. If it had been that Georges had won, Tout Paris would have said, "*Voilà!* that the France has become already the best sports nation of the world." And there would have been no more of the effort to improve. One would have considered that it was not in the least degree necessary. But now the Ministry which has the not-easy task to persuade the children (and their mothers) that it is essential to work really hard at the sports to produce the bigger and the harder men, will have always for their ally the remembrance of the jaws of Dempsey. An argument of substance!

"To depart in complete sadness."

ONE has waited for the result of the match in Paris before to flee from the *ville de chaleur* to the *bord de la mer* or the *montagnes*. And one should have had to depart in the complete sadness if it has not been for the *spirituelles* of Montmartre. Much thanks are due to the mountaineers for to have arranged a fête of the merriest on the *lendemain*. It is not only the mountaineers of Montmartre, but also of Savoy who have contributed the cheer-up to the downhearts. The Savoyards have been really the originators, but the *Republicains* Montmartrois have, *comme l'habitude*, been the *joyeuses suprêmes*.

"Coiffés aux pointes d'or"

WHEN the Savoyards have intimated to the hill-toppers that it is time that one should celebrate in merry mood the memory of Queen Adelaide (who has been the founder of the Abbey of Montmartre), the Montmartrois have undertaken to provide all the merriment that could be wished. And they have been quite up to the standard of their ready promise.

ALL the day from eight hours of the morning to twenty-four hours of the night they have entertained the Savoyards with the songs and the dances, the banquets and the toasts. There are many of the natives of Savoy in the capital, and they have all ascended for the day to the Butte. The Savoyardes have worn their gorgeous shawls of silk, their aprons of the rainbow colours, and been *coiffés aux pointes d'or*. The Savoyards have brought their trumpets and the *fanfares savoisiennes* have sounded to the uttermost boundaries of the "republic."

FOR the great celebration Savoy has elected a duchess, and she has received a *réception gracieuse* at the Moulin de la Galette by the republican chiefs, the artists Willette and Neumont. And the old Mill has had the charming verse in its honour:

Et, toi, Moulin de la Galette,
Qui dans ton ombre voit souffrir,
Cherchant le ciel à conquérir
Les Pierrots de ce bon Willette,
Vieux moulin, si noble et si fier,
Qui mets du poeme dans l'air. . . .

Shades of the dreadful Dempsey have not been permitted to intrude. The e has been but the making of the joy until the dawn. After this experience I think I would like to go for the *vacances* to La Savoie, instead of Deauville. ROLAND

Round in One!

BY ALFRED LEETE

SOME DRIVE!

A Fascinating Exhibition Dancer

Photograph *E. O. Hoppé*

MISS DOROTHY DICKSON

Who, with her partner, Carl Hyson, successfully danced themselves into New York's favour, and are now busily engaged each night at the London Pavilion, where "London, Paris, New York" and Nelson Keys continue to charm

THE CO-OPTIMISTS

AT THE ROYALTY

By "JINGLE"
Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

PHYLLIS MONKMAN AND GILBERT CHILDS.

THIS is a very jolly show. From first to last it ripples with irresponsible humour which has been rehearsed with such care for detail, that it presents a happy simulacrum of spontaneity. These are hard words, I know, to fling callously at an unoffending public, but their outstanding merit is that they can be introduced into any home without the least hesitation. The Co-Optimists are all artists of distinction, and at the rising of the curtain they are revealed one by one to the audience by means of a ray of limelight which runs along the darkened stage and comes to roost on the face of each individual in turn. The cheerful nonsense of these introductions puts the audience in a good humour right away, and, after that, the fun never flags for a moment.

THE serious business of the evening, as it were, is effectively opened by Mr. Davy Burnaby with a comic song, entitled "She Didn't Know Enough about the Game." The scope of such a declaration of ignorance is, of course, illimitable; but it is here confined to the technicalities of cricket, tennis, and billiards, leaving the audience to think up any extensions of the theme for themselves. The Co-Optimists have a pleasant way of drifting suddenly from the merely comic to the quietly romantic, and then back again. One of the stalwarts of the company, so to speak, is Miss Betty Chester. Quite early in the evening Miss Chester strolls unconcernedly into the trail of the limelight, and begins to sing of the call of the sea in a subdued but extremely pleasing voice that holds the audience spellbound. It impressed me as being a performance of quite unusual merit; and it is very properly greeted with a perfect hurricane of applause.

TOWARDS the close of the first part of the entertainment, Miss Chester breaks out in a fresh place. She gives us an appealing version of the popular lyrical craving to be taken back to the

(Continued on page 134)

THE STORY OF

BY H. H. HARRIS

A "TEST MATCH"

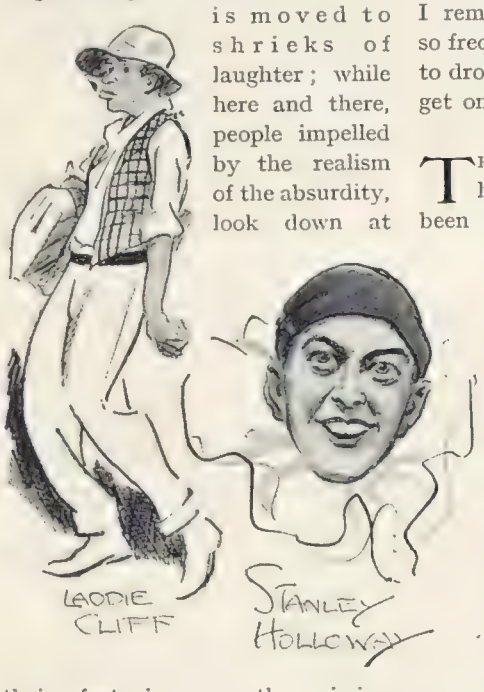
place where we first saw the light. It is obvious that we cannot all enjoy the advantage of having been born in Tipperary or Tennessee, and Miss Chester's rich and unctuous

plea is that they will take her back to dear old—Camden Town! Poets nowadays seem lamentably to ignore objects and places that are nearest to them. It has been said, for instance, that while there are plenty of songs about sparkling wine, or jolly good ale and old, no one has yet written a convincing ode to a glass of cold water. Similarly, no one seems to be able to throw the true glamour of romance over a possible craving to be taken back to lovely Camberwell, or dear old Golder's Green.

Another pillar of strength of this very happy combination of players is Miss Phyllis Monkman, who apologises for not having a very powerful voice although her mother will have it that she sings beautifully. But she contrives to get through a very amusing duet with Mr. Laddie Cliff, and to favour us with some of her dancing that is always graceful and not infrequently a little droll. Her wild outbreak as a coster-girl at a barrel-organ "hop," for instance, must be seen to be believed. Then there is Mr. Gilbert Childs who gives a stirring song entitled, "The Roast Beef of Old England," which is set to a rich, martial tune that is a mouthful in itself. The rare virtues of our race, ascribed to roast beef, are many and various, extending from the efficiency of the British Army to the sturdiness of Miss Phyllis Monkman's legs; and as the Navy takes its due place to make a rhyme for the gravy, the comprehensive nature of the eulogy of roast beef would appear to be satisfactorily complete.

The scream of the evening comes, however, when Mr. Gilbert Childs walks on the stage and explains that it was at this theatre that he made his first success as a baritone many years ago, and he therefore has a tender and sentimental interest in the place. He then produces his music and announces in the usual terms that he will sing us songs of Araby.

Before the singer has got as far as fair Cashmere, however, Mr. Davy Burnaby creeps on the stage and looks about him anxiously, intimating in a stage whisper that he dropped a shilling when he was there a few moments ago. In these days of tight money, sympathy with the victim of such a disastrous calamity is, of course, immediate and universal, and the songs of Araby suffer a little in consequence. Members of the company rush about the stage looking for Burnaby's bob, and some excitedly climb down into the auditorium; while Mr. Childs is diligently shouting himself hoarse in his anxiety to be heard above the interrupting din. The whole thing is so well stage-managed that the audience is moved to shrieks of laughter; while here and there, people impelled by the realism of the absurdity, look down at



their feet in case the missing coin should be there. In due course the shilling turns up in an unexpected place, and the crowning-point is reached of a very amusing and well-inspired piece of nonsense.

MR. STANLEY HOLLOWAY sings at first of the wind in the trees with all the dignified perfection of the concert platform. A little later he takes in hand a delightfully humorous ditty on the subject of "cloze props"; after which he indulges in a quite remarkable double-barrelled imitation of Mr. Harry Weldon and Mr. Jack Hulbert. It is one of the most successful feats of mimicry I remember, and the applause is so frequent and free that they have to drop the curtain before they can get on with the next turn.

THE music, which at times has a humour of its own, has been composed by Mr. Melville Gideon, who is also a member of the acting company. He sits at the piano and sings sweet nonsense with a solemn face, and one of his songs, "Amapoo" (which sounds like some of Tommy's French) raises the house to an extraordinary pitch of enthusiasm, while the antics of the entire company, who oblige for the occasion by representing the chorus, would make an owl laugh. The turn, "Operatic Golf," supplied by a quintette of the Co-Optimists, is quite excellent fooling, and its haunting chorus "Tip-the-caddy-i-ay!" is a very happy inspiration. A capital burlesque of *Bull-Dog Drummond* is another item on a very liberal programme; and the Co-Optimists are to be congratulated in having given London the best variety entertainment that has come to Town in recent years. The whole show is so cheerfully inconsequential, a result that can only have been achieved by some real hard work and unusual ability; and a visit to the Royalty Theatre should be for the next few months a part of everybody's education.

IF the Co-Optimists cannot secure a long lease of the Royalty Theatre they should buy the place and settle down there for life. They have earned their right to be regarded as one of the permanent features of the metropolis. JINGLE

TRUTHS & TRIFLES

HELPLESS HINTS

[A weekly home journal having complained that not enough attention is given to helpful hints to readers and items of interest along educational lines, we have decided to fill the gap for one week, and present the following hints and items, after the manner of our contemporaries, just to show that it can be done.]

THE population of Great Britain in 1911 was 45,221,615—including Mr. Bottomley, M.P.

* * * *

SCIENTISTS are now definitely agreed that very few married men live any longer than is absolutely necessary.

* * * *

ASPARAGUS should not be cooked too long. About ten inches is the proper length.

* * * *

PERSONS fond of eating asparagus in public should put in a few practice runs at home with a length of rubber tubing.

* * * *

CAMPHOR balls should be used to keep moth from the fur of a kettle.

* * * *

HOUSEHOLDERS should remember that during the hot weather second-hand fish should not be used, as it is so apt to become obsolete.

* * * *

To keep cool in the summer ask your fishmonger to let you lie on the ice block in his shop. Should he refuse to let you do this, wait until his back is turned, rush into the shop, then lie on the ice block and make a noise like a tired cod in a profound sleep.

* * * *

ON some South Coast trains now it is illegal to pluck the flowers on the wayside while the train is in motion.

INDIAN elephants make very useful paper weights.

* * * *

IF all the cheeses made in England in one year were piled one on top of the other in the Strand they would probably fall down.

* * * *

To remove grease spots from a white dress waistcoat, heat the garden roller to a white heat in the kitchen fire and roll the waistcoat every half hour until the spots are removed. (N.B.—This rarely fails to remove the grease spots.)

* * * *

A GOOD way to use up cold ham is to eat it.

* * * *

WHEN writing to an editor always write on one side of the paper. Any editor will tell you the right side. Talking about editors. . . . (That is quite enough, thank you.—ED.) THOMAS JAY

IN PERFECT CONDITION By VICTOR HICKS

LADY OF THE HOUSE (*to tramp about to appropriate sundry empty jars and bottles*): "You bad man! Haven't you a conscience?"

"Yes, lady, and it's as good as new. I ain't never used it!"

THE "GNAT"URALIST

"A scientist states that sneezing does not always signify that we have a cold, but is merely nature's way of clearing the nasal passages. Animals, and even insects, from the elephant to the gnat, sneeze occasionally for this reason."—DAILY PAPER.

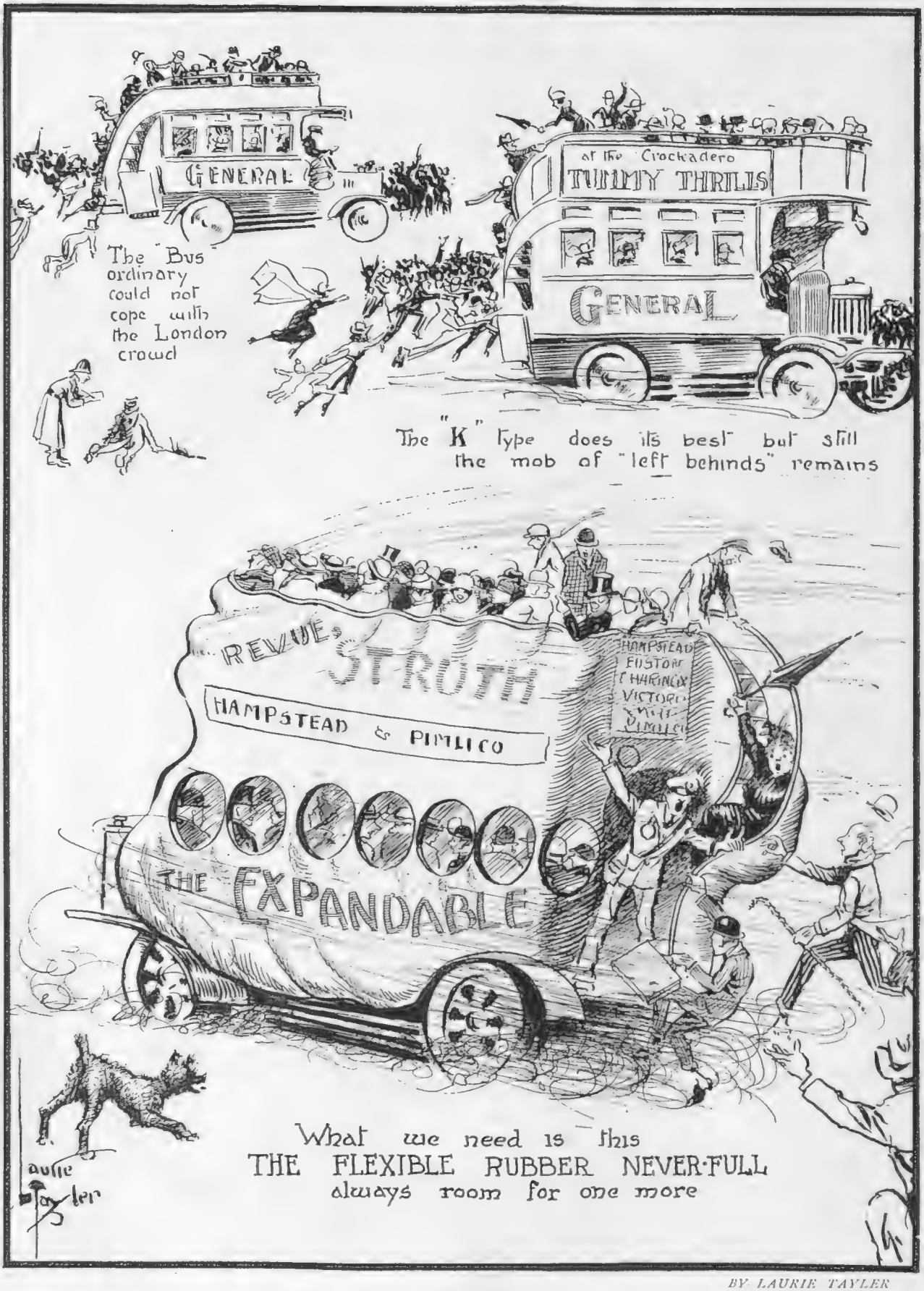
O NYMPH of the Peekaboo blouse,
Georgette, crepe de Chine, ninon, or *glacé*,
I advise you to keep to the house,
Be you maiden, or married, or *passée*.
O Nymph of diaphanous hose,
Cashmere, mercerised, silken, or cotton,
In the garden pray don't show your nose,
For the gnats and the midges are rotten!
I have struggled to make a retreat,
Efficacious but not too offensive,
Where the gnats will not nibble your feet
In a manner unique and extensive.
But although I've devised noxious scents
In a way diabolic'ly clever,
The result, I must say,
Keeps all humans away,
While the insects are thicker than ever.

OF blue gum trees I've planted a grove;
Strings of camphor-balls form quite a ceiling.
And I've sprinkled the oil of the clove
From which pungent aromas keep stealing.
I have buried a portion of fish;
Oil of lavender drips from a syphon;
H_2S is exposed in a dish,
And I've hung up the tail of a python.
So far, you'll observe, I am sure,
All my efforts are aimed at prevention,
Yet the midges we have to endure
In spite of such fertile invention.
But the scientist quoted above
In ideas *de luxe* makes me revel:
I'll scatter a pound
Of red pepper around,
And they'll sneeze themselves straight to the devil! G. MEGGY

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

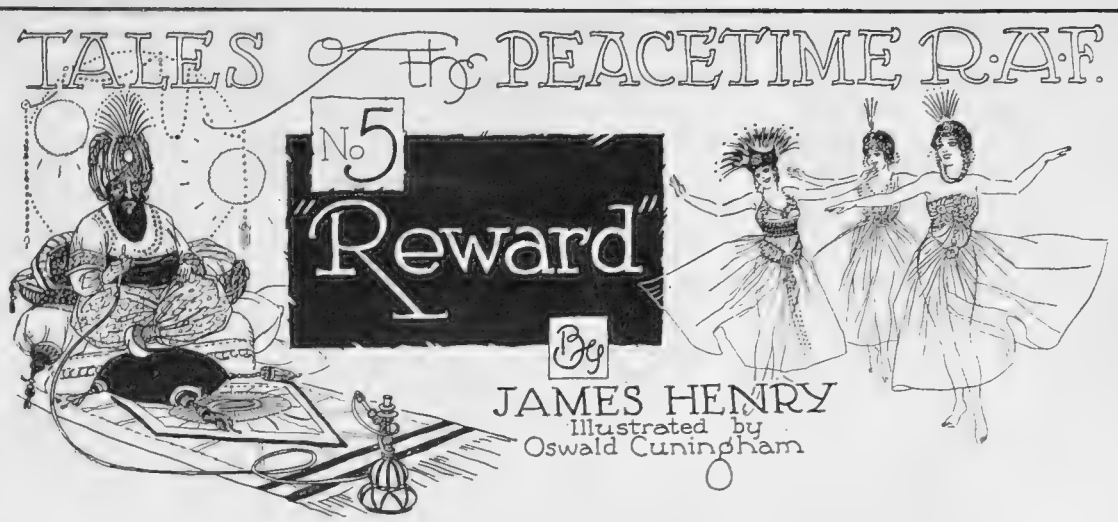
MAROONED !

Omnibustle



BY LAURIE TAYLER

WHAT LONDONERS WANT



ABOU HASSAN led a profitable and amusing life. And being a very religious man he constantly thanked Allah for manifold blessings. Five times had the white men, stung to desperation by his genius for the wholesale acquisition of other people's property, sent against him men and guns, long-knived horsemen, and even of late years *iron-crocodiles-that-spit-fire*. These episodes were the real spice of his existence. They made mere convoy raiding a saltless dish. When they were over, Abou usually found himself in possession of useful booty and sent in surreptitiously to the nearest host of the white men certain gory relics of their comrades *pour encourager les autres*. Abou was not popular in white circles. But Abou was very happy.

When the white men, confusing Eastern Government with pawnbroking, appointed a man who, strictly speaking, was not *quite* white to rule that far country, Abou lost his sense of humour, and dispatched post-haste in sand-dried ink a protest. What had he done to deserve this thing? Had he not fought the white men most fairly and freely? Had he not proved himself a man? Did they so lightly regard him that they set this *thing* over against him? To vanquish such would shame him before his women. . . . Abou was wroth, and Abou became a distressing nuisance.

Unfortunately, he knew little of the present-day relationship between high finance and politics, or he might have rated the new Commissioner somewhat higher. In his mountain fastness he could hardly be expected to realise that the power which had affected this insult to his tribe might also be strong enough to obtain—despite the harass of economy—one of H.M. Aircraft Carriers to deal with his Almighty Turbulence, a luxury which would undoubtedly have been denied a mere Anglo-Saxon. Besides, although Abou had heard of the *thunder-birds* he had never seen one. Five hundred miles of sheer mountain-side and precipice guarded him from landward, while towards the sea was a full five-davs' march of similar country. So, even had he heard of it, the arrival of H.M.S. *Albatross* in El Fijeb bay would have conveyed nothing. None the less she was there, and next day was joined by a T.B.D., bringing the Commissioner and the G.O.C.

Followed a long conference between a badly frightened Commissioner who knew Abou much desired his life, a G.O.C. who started from the conviction that the operation was a purely military one and the unavoidable introduction of the navy a bore, and a naval Post-Captain very much on his dignity, very much "the representative of his service," quite certain of the completeness of his air knowledge, and determined not to be bluffed. A silent, tight-lipped Wing-Commander listened in the background and answered questions—these were not many—until all arrangements had been made and the Princes and Kings departed. Then he pointed out to his captain various fallacies.

"Hours and hours on cross-checked maps"

"Why the devil didn't you speak at the time?" demanded the latter.

"You told me not to butt in, sir."

"Oh! very well. If you think you know best, do it your own way—but don't blame me," and, vastly annoyed, the captain turned away.

For the next forty-eight hours the Wing-Commander—ignoring hectic orders and advice from a naval superior honestly desirous of speeding things up—proceeded to test, machine by machine, the bombers intended for the raid and to instruct personally and at length every specially selected pilot. Hours and hours he spent on checked and cross-checked maps; on reconnaissance—flying as observer and blazing out the best trail with compass and bearing plate; on experiments with radiator shutters where the ice wind of the mountains dropped temperature to zero.

"I shall bring up the rear of the formation," he told his pilots. "Danvers will lead and Patrick, as the most experienced observer,

TALES OF THE PEACE-TIME R.A.F. (*concluded*)

will go with him and guide. In no circumstances except engine failure are you to leave formation. If you see another machine go down, take no notice. It will only pile up crashes. If you go down yourself, make due east and light a bonfire on the shore, and--take your Lewis gun with you."

At the end, having checked every detail to a hair's breadth, he reported ready.

"And about time, too," snapped his captain, having no idea of the hazards of a two-hundred-mile flight over an impossible country and under the shadow of mountains 30,000 feet high, snow-covered, and productive of amazing bumps. The Wing-Commander said nothing, saluted, and ate an amazing breakfast. The ship weighed, manœuvred for a clear run, and proceeded dead into the wind's eye, increasing speed until the wind-felt touched thirty.

"All ready? Carry on, Wing-Commander."

A dropped flag, the growing roar of an engine which had previously ticked over almost unnoticed. A wave from the pilot. A jerk of the quick release. No. 1 machine sped down the deck, and began to climb steadily—mechanics dashed forward to retrieve tail guide and chocks. A pause while the ship's head — half a point off—was steadied in the wind's eye. No. 2 opened up his engine.

Then once more "Carry on, Wing-Commander," and No. 2 sped on her way.

As the last machine stood in place on the forward flying deck the Wing-Commander relieved the Pilot Officer who had been warming her.

"Good luck," megaphoned the Captain, and the Wing-Commander looked over his shoulder and grinned.

"Good chap, that," said the Captain to his second-in-command as the machine climbed to join the formation above, "if he hadn't such a swollen head."

Above, automatically getting every inch of climb out of this machine, the Wing-Commander was also reflective.

"Decent old stick," he confided to his instrument-board, "but oh! why does he pose as an air expert?"

He swung into position in the line, and fired his Verey light.

In succession the machines turned for the coast.

The country was an ever-prospective cemetery, riven precipices, monstrous gullies, rock-strewn mountain sides. Every pilot felt a jump of pulse-beats as he sensed for landing-places. No chance if engine failed of "getting away with it"—and better so, perhaps. Abou's jocular habits were known.

At last the white-walled town, the flocks and herds straying over sun-baked grass, the shut-off of engines, and five minutes of glorious excitement while Cupar bombs sped on their way to almost unheard red-yellow detonations among the buildings and machine-guns purred on stampeding cattle. Then a Verey light from the Wing-Commander, a rapid re-formation and tails-up for home.

"He grumbled badly, as he felt he deserved the K.C.B."

Five minutes later the second machine—young Akers—hauled out and put his nose down. They could see him working at his pressure-pump and, apparently, pushing over his petrol cock to the other tank. After an age-long minute he lifted his head and waved. "Thank G——," began the Wing-Commander's brain only to tense once more. It had been a wave of gallant youthful farewell. *Morituri te.* . . . "My God," he prayed instead.

Down, down went the machine. Akers altered course—he had seen a flat bit—side-slipped off some more height, straightened into the wind, landed, and then . . . ran dead across the little plateau and pitched, pilot, observer, and machine, over a sheer two hundred feet to mangled oblivion on the rocks below.

Quite unconsciously the Wing-Commander saluted. The sea and the ship hove in sight. . . .

A fortnight later a penitent Abou sued for peace, and even consented to give the white man's *salaam* to a Commissioner who was not quite white. He paid his fine, and for a long time was very good.

Now the point of this story is that the Commissioner reported to a delighted Colonial Office how great a political victory he had gained, and they gave him a K.C.M.G. He grumbled badly, as he felt he deserved a K.C.B.

The G.O.C. wrote a very glowing despatch on the military side of the operation, and they gave him a C.B. He was not pleased, as he had waited quite a long time for his knighthood.

The captain of the *Albatross* wrote a very fair despatch, and as the senior naval officer present received a well-merited C.M.G. He felt they might have made it a bit more.

One pilot got a D.F.C. and one mechanic a D.F.M., both of which honours were added to the next birthday list as sole R.A.F. counter-weights to the routine Naval and Military Office Honours. The R.A.F. as a whole felt rather hurt.

The War Office, the Admiralty, and the *Morning Press* added cheerfully to the work of a hopelessly overriden Chief of Air Staff by proving that the operation was purely military, purely naval, and half naval, half military respectively. In any case that the R.A.F. should cease to be.

And the Wing-Commander? Oh, he'd had a C.M.G. in the war, and was far too young for another decoration. A *mention* was quite sufficient.

Sore? No, five minutes very gruff converse with that same Chief on his return brought a flush that no decoration of fair metals could have. For the Chief is the Chief, and *he knows*.

JAMES HENRY

All Alone!

Except for Our Photographer—Lucky Fellow

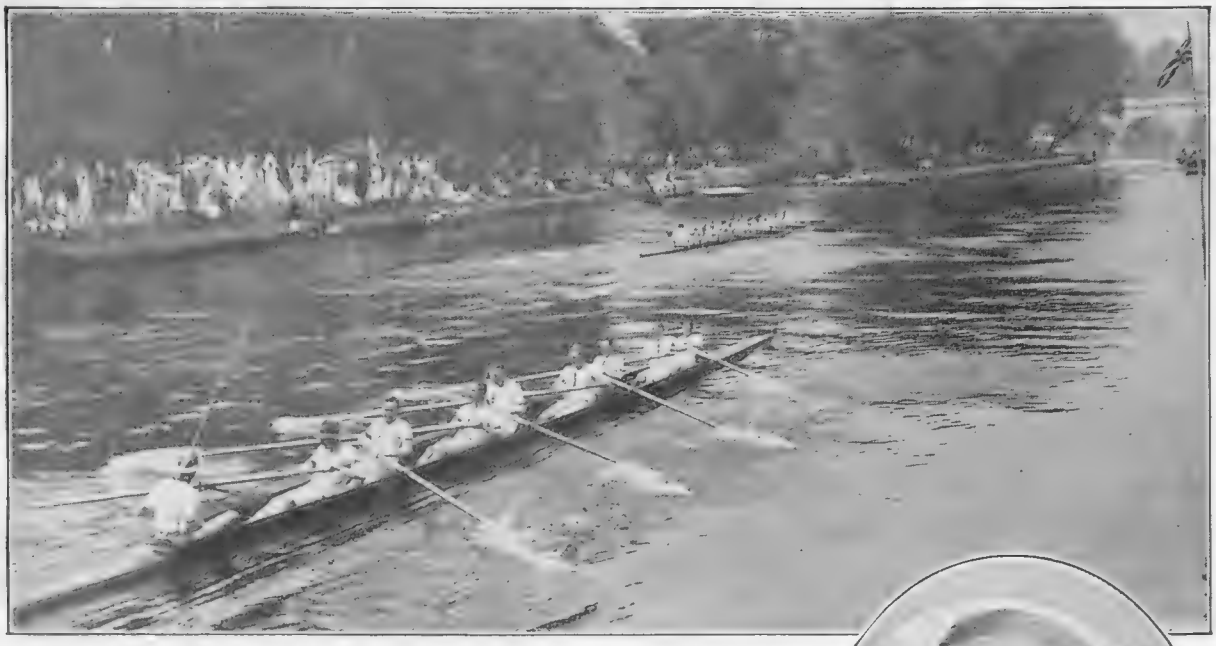
Photograph *Horace W. Nicholls*

AN UNFREQUENTED BAY NEAR THE NEEDLES, ISLE OF WIGHT

Googlialities. By the "Mac" Mailey

THE AUSTRALIANS IN SCOTLAND

Whatever those "customs of the country" were, they did not affect the play of the Australians very much



THE GUARDS' REGATTA AT MAIDENHEAD

The final of the Inter-Regimental Eights, the Grenadiers easily defeating the Scots Guards by several lengths. The former also won the Battalion Fours Challenge Cup

Sports & Pastimes

LAWN TENNIS

Davis Cup Preliminaries

AFTER the present week the scene of "big" lawn tennis will shift from Europe to America where, from the end of the present month onwards, most of the ties in the Davis Cup, culminating in the challenge tie against the holders, America, will be decided. Of the twelve would-be challengers, Argentina and the Philippines have retired, two, Spain and Belgium, have been eliminated, and the tie in Paris between France and All-India (which, as I write, is still undecided) will eliminate a third—probably All-India. The next match is Australasia *v.* Canada at Toronto, beginning on July 23, and it is almost a certainty for Australasia.

Probable Finalists

THEN comes the crucial tie of the upper half of the draw, Australasia *v.* The British Isles, at Pittsburg, and although Brookes, Patterson, and O'Hara Wood are out of the Australasian side, our chances of a win, though not remote, are by no means rosy. The visitors are practically sure to be in the final. In the lower half of the draw are Czecho-Slovakia, Japan, and France—assuming that she has beaten All-India. In any case I strongly fancy Japan for the final, and I expect her, moreover, to be America's challenger. She has a very strong team in Kumagae, who lives in America and is used to American conditions, and Shimidzu, that serene and smiling little gentlemen, who, as we have seen, can adapt himself to any environment. There is even a possibility that the Cup may go to Japan, and so be won for the first time in its history by a country other than England, Australasia, or America. But even if Tilden is as much out of form as he was at Wimbledon, there are others to take his place, and America's grip on the Cup will be very difficult to loosen.

England's Offchance

THE odds against the British Isles reaching the final lengthened perceptibly when Major Kingscote cried off; they lengthened still more when C. Campbell—the "discovery" (even for those who already knew, in a vague sort of way, what a good man he is) of Wimbledon, did likewise! The result is that we are left with one of the most heterogeneous and unconvincing teams that have ever left our shores.

"Wropped in Mystery"

THE ways of the Selection Committee of the L.T.A. are "wropped in mystery" even more than the ways of most selection committees in other branches of sport. By their methods of selection they leave us in the dark as to who is actually available and who is not. We can only assume that the chosen team is the best available. If that is so there is nothing more to be said. If it is not we are entitled to wonder—if not to ask—why Turnbull and why Gilbert? I imagine that Woosnam, who is captain, will try F. G. Lowe and himself or Gilbert in the Singles against Australasia, and himself and Turnbull in the Doubles.

Photograph *Sport and General*

CAMBRIDGE'S AIR RACE CAPTAIN

H. A. Francis who led the Cambridge team last Saturday prior to the Aerial Derby

Photograph *Sport and General*

A. R. BOEREE

Who captained the Oxford aeroplanes against Cambridge in the Inter-University Air Race

TENNIS

Holders *v.* Challengers

ONE of the most vexed questions of lawn tennis to-day is the question whether the reigning

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

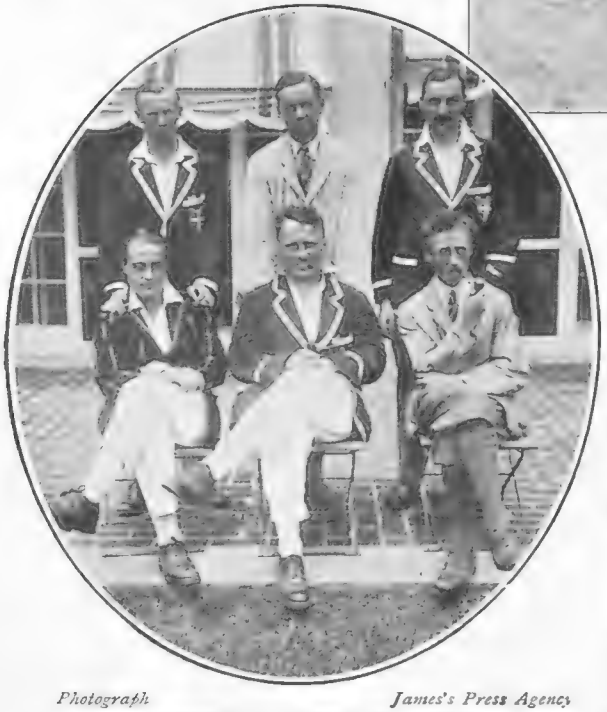
champion should "stand out" or "play through." It is, therefore, rather instructive to note what the procedure is in the case of the older—and in some respects the parent—game as applied to one of its two chief competitions, the M.C.C. gold and silver prizes at Lord's, which monopolised the attention of tennis enthusiasts last week, and are still in evidence. In this time-honoured event we actually have two holders, not one. There is a preliminary competition the winner of which is entitled to challenge the holder of the silver prize. If he beats him he then becomes entitled to challenge the holder of the gold prize. If he again succeeds he becomes holder of the gold prize, and the beaten gold prizeman automatically becomes holder of the silver prize.

Wheels within Wheels

But there is more to come. Anyone who has been beaten by the new gold prizeman, including, consequently, the ex-silver prizeman, can challenge the "automatic" silver prizeman for the silver prize. Thus we have a sort of secondary competition—wheels within wheels as it were—to decide who is to be second to the great Panjandrum himself. The idea of the whole thing is obviously to ensure, as far as is humanly possible, that the best man comes out top, and the next best man second. But the procedure, naturally, is only possible where the competitors are few. If it were applied to lawn tennis, for instance, Wimbledon would last for about three weeks instead of a fortnight. And since the vogue of tennis is on the increase it is quite conceivable that the unique conditions of the M.C.C. prizes will ultimately have to go.

A Wrong Principle

And after all there is very little to be said for the principle of allowing a holder to "stand out." There is no doubt whatever that this is an advantage. How many are there whose chances of retaining a championship are not enhanced through their having to risk defeat only once instead of about half a dozen times? And why should a man, just because he won a year ago, be given so much immunity this year from risks which he had then to face, and faced successfully? The champion *par excellence* is the man who has taken his luck along with the rest, rather than he who owes his victory, in part at any rate, to the "splendid isolation" which he enjoyed while his rivals were wearing each other out in the fight for the privilege of attacking him.



Photograph *James's Press Agency*

CAMBRIDGE GOLFERS IN AMERICA

The Cambridge golf team that has been playing in the inter-college matches at Greenwich, Connecticut. From left to right: J. A. Bott, H. E. La Bas, J. S. White, C. H. Prowse, G. N. P. Humphries, and T. S. Morris, the captain

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY TEAM AT BISLEY

The King George's Cup and English County Rifle Championship was won by the County of London, Oxford making sixth place and Cambridge last. The very hot weather materially affected this year's standard of shooting

YACHTING

A Happy Thought

Class-racing among big yachts is, for the time being at any rate, in complete abeyance. It is therefore satisfactory to learn that an added zest has been given to the racing—necessarily of the "handicap" as opposed to the "class" type of competition—between the yachts of over 20 metres rating by the presentation by Mr. C. P. Johnston (owner of the stately cutter, *Moonbeam*) of a cup which will be awarded to the boat who is first according to Yacht Racing Association chronology (and, therefore, irrespective of handicap chronology) the greatest number of times in proportion to starts in matches sailed throughout the season. The boats mainly interested in this competition are the King's cutter, *Britannia*, of immortal renown, Mrs. Workman's, *Nyria*, and Mr. R. H. Lees, *Terpsichore*, and the struggle between them bids fair to be a very keen one. The suggestion of such a competition on the cumulative principle (which, incidentally, has been applied with good effect to the smaller fry of the yachting world) first emanated from the *Field*, and Mr. Johnson is to be congratulated upon having seen that there was something in it, and upon the practical effect which he has given to the clarity of his vision. The winner of his cup will, without much doubt, be the best big boat of the year.

H. S. S.

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A Splendid Summer Drink

Corelli with Soda

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RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

"Felix"

FELIX LEACH, who is an excellent subject for our caricaturist this week, is one of the leading personalities at Newmarket, where he has trained many big winners. He has bred some splendid wire-haired fox-terriers, including the redoubtable Newmarket Cackler, and there was a time when Felix took more than a passing interest in game birds. He has one of the best stayers of the day in his stable in Spearwort, who proved himself in such great form at Ascot, and won so handsomely at Newmarket last week. Another brilliant performer is Orpheus, who has done some excellent turns for the stable. Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen is his leading patron just now. One of the big men of the great British-American Tobacco Company, Sir Hugo races with considerable intelligence as well as enthusiasm.

Smart Boys

TWO of Felix Leach's sons have already made their mark as jockeys, and I predict that his third boy will win equal fame. Harry is only fifteen years old, but he rides with the skill of a veteran, and he is likely to be in great demand so long as he can claim the apprentice allowance. Felix, junior, has now become too heavy for regular jockeyship, and he is shortly to make a start as trainer. Mr. S. W. Beer and Captain King are entrusting some horses to him, and racing people generally will wish the youngster heaps of success in his new profession.

Concession Betting

A GOOD deal of interest has been aroused in Tattersall's ring lately by the Australian bookmaker who makes a speciality of what he calls "concession" betting. He offers you a point or two under the regular odds, but if the horse you choose runs second or third you get your money back. I watched him at work at Newmarket last week, and the system struck me as being perfectly fair. In the case of long-priced horses it would be better to back them "each way" in the usual manner, but with prices ranging at less than 8 to 1 I think the inducements offered by the "concession" bookmaker are quite acceptable. I noticed a number of very shrewd backers doing business with him last week, and I fancy this Australian innovation is going to catch on.

Liverpool Cup

THE Liverpool meeting this week has one of the best programmes of the season, but owing to the hard ground I fear that the fields will not be so large as the value of the races deserves. There should, however, be a good struggle for the Liverpool Cup on Friday. The Hon. George Lambton is to make an attempt to win yet another of these Aintree trophies for Lord Derby

A Probable Winner

REDHEAD, who won the race twelve months ago, will again represent the stable, and has a big chance on her best form. I regard Paragon as a danger to her; he is just the sort of horse to get smoothly round the Liverpool turns. Captain Hogg's stable will send a formidable competitor in Most Beautiful or Beauregard. I shall choose **Redhead** as the likely winner, taking Paragon and Beaureguard as the best of her rivals.

Aintree Attractions

CONSIDERING that £700 is given by the executive to the Liver Stakes on Wednesday it is extremely disappointing that there are only six acceptances for the race. I look to **March Along** to carry his top weight to victory. A more successful affair should be the Molyneux Stakes on the following day. I shall go for **Aldersey**, who has shown himself to be a smart horse over the Aintree five furlongs.

"FELIX" By "THE TOUT"

Here is Felix Leach, who has been adding to his big reputation as a trainer by picking up some nice stakes with "Orpheus" lately. A Newmarket trainer of the right stamp, Leach justly deserves the patronage of that good sportsman, Sir H. Cunliffe-Owen

Orby's Pride

SOME of the Stewards' Cup horses are entered in this Liverpool sprint, including **Orby's Pride** who seems to me to possess an excellent chance of winning at Goodwood. But the firm going has not been in his favour lately, and I should advise you to wait until a definite move is made in his favour before backing him. At the weights he is certainly the one I should choose as likely to carry off this coveted trophy.

Victoria Cup

WE are promised some interesting racing at Hurst Park at the end of the week. The great attraction, is, of course, the Victoria Cup, which could not be run on its usual date in the spring owing to the coal strike. However, its postponement does not make the issue any the less attractive, and it will probably be a brisk betting race. I can foresee that quite a number of the competitors will be strongly fancied. My advice to you is to go for the best of Reginald Day's string. I fancy this will be **Hasty Match** who was so narrowly beaten by Blue Lady a week ago, and should be admirably suited by this sharp seven furlong course.

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Polo Cups and Their Winners

THE EASTCOTT TEAM
Winners of the Roehampton Cup: Mr. S. Sanford, Mr. Earl Hopping, Major P. Magor, and Mr. J. A. E. Traill

THE POLO SEASON

Most of the big tournaments of the London polo season have been less interesting than usual owing to the counter-attractions of the International matches. Some excellent play, however, was seen in the Roehampton Cup, and the Eastcott team richly deserved their victory. It was a thoroughly cosmopolitan side, comprising two Americans, one Englishman, and one Anglo-Argentine player who was born in Ireland. The 17th Lancers had no difficulty in retaining possession of the Inter-Regimental Cup. Thanks to Sinn Fein and other troubles, the Army polo championship was a dreadful fiasco. Only a few regiments were able to compete, and Major Vivian Lockett's team had matters all their own way. This side was the crack regimental team in India before the War, and happily the same four players have been able to keep their formation intact. A. W. C.

Photographs *W. A. Rouch*

WINNERS OF THE INTER-REGIMENTAL CUP
The 17th Lancers Team, comprising Capt. D. C. Boles, Lieut.-Col. T. P. Melvill, Major Vivian Lockett, and Capt. H B. Turnor

WALL COVERINGS

BY MRS. M. VINCE

At one time or another most things have been used to decorate the insides of the walls of houses, from marble, which was the earliest, to paper, which is the latest, and which belongs, in Europe, at any rate, almost entirely to our own time. In between the two there have been all manner of other things, mosaics, tiles, glazed bricks, stucco, tapestry, leather, wood, canvas, silk, and linen. It is a comprehensive list. Roughly, the tendency seems to have been, as one would expect, from the heavy to the light materials. Man started by decorating the inside of the building with materials hard and durable as the outside. He has gone on and on, finding lighter and lighter things, until now he most commonly uses paper. But though, roughly, that has been the tendency, some of the lighter materials are very old indeed. The Egyptians knew how to make printed cloth hangings from blocks, as we print cloths and papers to-day.

In England, until paper came, the materials most used on the walls were tapestry, stamped leather, and wood panelling, and it is very interesting to see that the practice of making ingenious cheap imitations of expensive things, which is so common nowadays, is, in fact, a very old practice indeed. New materials for decorating the walls of houses seem often to have started as a cheap way of imitating older materials. Painted canvas was used, three and four hundred years ago as a cheap imitation of tapestry, and the earliest wall-papers in England—the flock papers which one sees on many of the rooms at Hampton Court, and which were frequently used until twenty or thirty years ago—were made in imitation of the famous cut velvets of Genoa and Florence. So each material came in first as a copy of something else, until, in time, the way was discovered of using it for its own sake. Even with wood, though it was not used to imitate in any deceptive sense, the qualities of other materials were copied. Wood panelling was carved like stone, and later it copied the folds of linen.

Photograph] LADY CONSTANCE MALLESON [*Elliott and Fry*

Who is playing the part of Mrs. Otherley in the revival of Mr. John Drinkwater's play, "Abraham Lincoln" at the Lyceum Theatre. On the stage, Lady Constance assumes the nom de guerre of Colette O'Neil. She is the youngest daughter of Priscilla Countess Annesley, and the wife of Mr. Miles Malleson

Wall-papers came into common use in England. But the first of these English wall-papers was not English at all. They were brought to us by our sailors from China. Some of those original Chinese papers are still in existence. There is a famous Chinese room with one of these papers in the Palace at the Hague, and I know of one old house in England which has an oval room, entirely covered with an old Chinese paper—even the doors. I went down, in fact, to repair some parts of it that had been damaged by workmen putting in electric light! And I found the paper almost entirely covered with pictures, although it was a series of pictures itself—exquisite little scenes of Chinese people in their houses and gardens, and the spaces between them filled with gorgeous birds and butterflies and vases and flowers.

The first English wall-papers were simply copies of the Chinese. They were made in Battersea, and were small sheets of paper, representing landscapes, buildings, and statues. But there was little chance of paper being really popular until, at the end of the eighteenth century, a machine was invented for making it, as it is made to-day, in long strips. It was this that made wall-papers cheap, and it has become in consequence most used of all coverings for the walls.

Out of these first crude imitations of the Chinese a real art of wall-paper designing developed in England, and many beautiful papers have been made. Our wall-papers, in fact, are the one decorative thing in our houses which we owe to the nineteenth century. M. V.

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To George the Fifth
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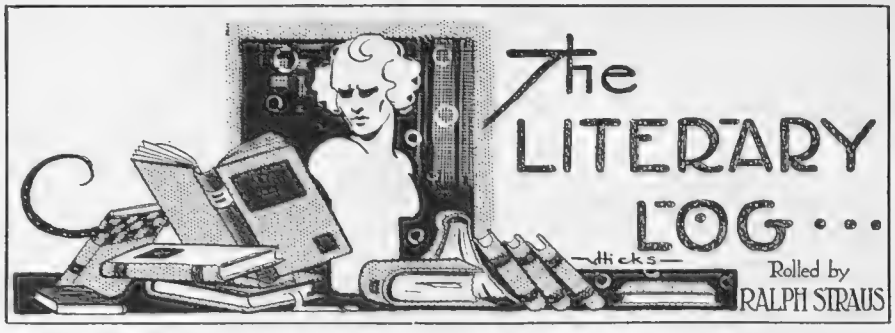

IF you happen to be a communist-anarchist, or something of that kind, it is just possible that Mr. Herbert Trendell's book, *Dress and Insignia Worn at Court* (Harrisons : 21*s.* net), may not amuse you. But if you are an O.B.E. or a Knight of the Garter, or likely to occupy any official position whatever, you must consult his book and see how the thing should be done. If you possess foreign decorations you will learn from Mr. Trendell when and how they ought to be worn, and when, if ever, you should leave them locked up at home. Incidentally, you will learn of the existence of many picturesque offices of which the newspapers, from sheer ignorance of their survival, have seldom anything to say. Mr. Trendell is an authority on his subject, and his book is illustrated in colour. Personally, after looking at the pictures, I should like to be a Gentleman Officer-at-Arms, but failing that, I think I would like to be a Governor-General in Full Dress.

⁂ ⁂

NOBODY'S position during the last three years of the War can have been more difficult or more uncomfortable than that of M. Constantin Nabokoff, who, on the death of Count Benckendorff, became Chargé d'Affaires at the Russian Embassy in London. His experiences during the revolution of 1917, under the Kerensky *régime*, and, later, while Litvinov and Krassin were asserting themselves, are set forth in a book called *The Ordeal of a Diplomat* (Duckworth : 15*s.* net), by M. Nabokoff himself. On the abdication of the Tsar this zealous Russian "carried on," but when the new government gradually allowed the Bolsheviks to undermine their authority his troubles began. Afterwards, whom or what could his Embassy be said to represent? Yet even then he was endeavouring to help and managed to do good work. It is an interesting book, which in the old days M. Nabokoff can never have thought he would live to write.

⁂ ⁂

THE anonymously issued *My Three Husbands* (Methuen : 7*s.* net) is called on the cover "the diverting and very candid autobiography of a thrice-married woman who now, for the third time, a widow, is not unwilling to try again." Having read the book, I should not be surprised to learn of her success, but I pity Number Four. In fact, I pity all the others, even Number Two, who was rather unpleasant. The safest thing for everybody would be for the thrice-married lady to go into a convent. I don't think she can be very nice. The book is vulgar in places, and contains nothing new. I hear that it is having a success. Well, well!

⁂ ⁂

ALL Cambridge men, and others besides, will welcome Mr. Arthur B. Gray's book, *Cambridge Revisited* (Heffer : 12*s.* 6*d.* net). What Mr. Gray does not know about the inner history of Cambridge

(*Continued on page 154*)

GOOD TASTE *in* CLOTHES

CLOTHES are the outward and visible sign of a man's taste.

They play an important part in his success—as many good impressions have often been created by appearances.

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A 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent. See below.

Now Brush Teeth

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Try this new way of teeth cleaning. The test is free. It has brought to millions whiter, cleaner teeth. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. See the results, then learn what they mean to you.

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There is on your teeth a viscous film. You can feel it—that viscous coat. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and remains. It is now regarded as a potential source of most tooth troubles.

It is this film-coat that discolors—not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth and the acid may cause decay.

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Dental science has in late years found a way to fight film, day by day. High authorities have proved it by many careful tests.

Millions of people have adopted it, largely by dental advice. To careful people it is bringing a new era in teeth cleaning.

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Five important effects

Pepsodent has five effects, all of them essential to cleaner, whiter teeth. One ingredient is pepsin. One multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva to combat starch deposits that cling. One multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva to neutralize mouth acids.

In two ways it attacks the films directly. Then it keeps the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily cling.

It differs vastly from the old-time tooth pastes, which dentists now know were wrong.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

Within a week you will know that your teeth are protected as they never were before. And you will always want your teeth to look and feel like that. Cut out the coupon now.

TRADE MARK **Pepsodent**

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised for daily use by leading dentists and supplied in large tubes by all druggists.

10-Day Tube Free 493

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Dept. 153, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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Only one Tube to a family. *Bystander*, 207

THE LITERARY LOG (concluded)

during the last two hundred years or more cannot be worth knowing, and here in these delightful papers of his he takes you hither and thither through his town, pausing now and then to dilate upon some quaint little point, calling up from the past this or that forgotten person or event. There is no town in the world quite like Cambridge, and Mr. Gray, whose work in another sphere must be known to thousands of Cambridge men, is full of the right sort of enthusiasm.

❋ ❋

INCIDENTALLY, he calls attention to an undergraduate venture which few of the men of to-day can have heard of. What was the Upware Republic? Nowadays, if you want to be highly adventurous, you sit down in the road and play marbles or bridge. But in 1851 you might have gone with "Erewhon" Butler to a lonely inn "five miles from anywhere" and perhaps become "King of Upware." A curious chapter this. Mr. Gray may be congratulated, too, on his illustrations.

❋ ❋

THERE is good fun in Jessie Campion's new book, *Ella Keeps House* (Lane: 8*s.* 6*d.* net). Miss Ella is tired of living in poverty. She has a mother to provide for and £800 saved up, a goodly sum, enough to give her mother a taste of their old-time prosperity—for a year. And so a nice seaside vicarage is taken. But in a vicarage, it seems, £800 is not quite so large as you might think. Ella is forced to take paying guests. All paying guests, I am told, are not mad, but Ella in this respect is not very lucky. Her guests are singularly mad. But there are compensations. There is her rich neighbour, Mrs. Goosey, who is the dearest of old dears; and when the mystery of Mrs. Goosey's son's wife is cleared up, and Ella herself has shown what she can do in the way of preventing a strike, her old employer is there on the spot very eager and willing to make a change in their relations. And then the loss of the £800 does not matter at all. But Miss Campion's writing is so very amusing and her people are so exceedingly quaint that the story hardly matters.

❋ ❋

YOU may be sure that so original a writer as Maurice Baring, when he sets to work on a novel, will produce something out of the ordinary run. And I am inclined to think that *Passing By* (Secker: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) will be very much liked. There are critical souls who scoff at a story told in letters, but then, Mr. Baring's letters are always a joy, whether Agamemnon or Napoleon or the latest profiteer to receive a K.B.E. is their supposed writer. In this quiet novel there are letters, but there is also a diary, and taken together they explain all that it is necessary to know of the little tragedy of Mrs. Housman's life. On the very first page you learn of Godfrey Mellor's well-guarded secret, and from his colleague's first letter you have the keynote of the situation. At the end you feel surprised at the amount which has been left to your imagination, and delighted that Mr. Baring has given you the opportunity of adding so much yourself to his story. Of the tragedy itself—but perhaps it is not a tragedy at all?—I need not speak. The book must be read and enjoyed.

❋ ❋

MISS FLORENCE KILPATRICK'S new book, *Educating Ernestine* (Thornton Butterworth: 3*s.* 6*d.* net), is not up to the standard of its predecessor. The Australian girl's adventures in England with her noble relations are not particularly interesting, and the nobles behave too much as the novelettes would have us believe they do. Lord Robert Dangerfield, by the way, would have some trouble in being the eldest son of an Earl, would he not? The writer had better keep to the people she knows. R. S.

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In 101 Shapes.

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Simplicity, too, is a prime attribute of the Sizaire-Berwick. Chassis lubrication is semi-automatic. Such a detail as the greasing of the shackle bolts is simply effected by a mere turn of a large greaser pump conveniently placed. Every other minor feature which in the ordinary way calls for attention is correspondingly simplified and the car as a whole is a modern expression of automobile design in its highest and most luxurious form.

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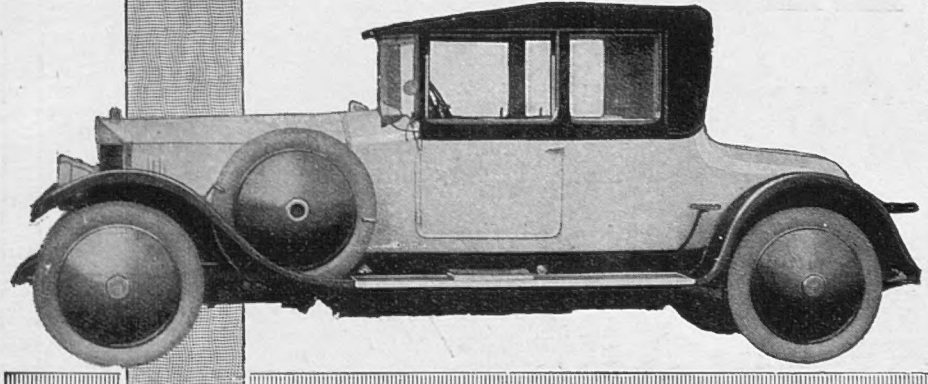
Sizaire-Berwick service includes periodical inspection by expert engineers. Spare parts are always available.



St. James's 2.

MOTOR NOTES

IN CAIRO
A Wolseley car photographed in the Botanical Gardens at Cairo

SOME genius has rightly summed up the right car for this weather by producing an amphibious machine, so that when the roads are so hot and dusty it takes to the water "like a bird," to quote one of Sir J. C. Percy's "bulls." Captain Berry is the *deus ex machina*, and he has put a Villiers 2½ h.p. two-stroke engine to drive this land and water "boat-car," with paddles arranged on the rear wheels to urge it along when afloat. Of course, when landing or getting from the land to the sea the wheels just carry it along as any ordinary cycle-car, while its boat body, with its floats, make it quite seaworthy in smooth water. Sidmouth, where it first made its trial trip, is becoming an attraction to motorists, if only for the hope of seeing this novel craft. Its Jukes four-speed gear, this disabled officer states, is quite sufficient for the hilly country in its neighbourhood, so that quite a lot of pleasure is derived from this boat-car on land as well as on the sea.

* * *

IN the East Cowes yard of Messrs. Saunders they are fast getting ready *Maple Leaf VII* with Sunbeam engines, the new B.I. Trophy challenger, for Sir E. Mackay Edgar, with the hope of fetching this "pot" back from America, who won it from us last year. The Sussex Motor T.C. are also making a good showing with their new 25ft. one-design class, as I saw eight of these in the water careering off to Brighton out of Shoreham Harbour a week or so ago. Nice fast boats they were, and, what is still better, both comfortable and dry. But while on water motors I must not forget to mention that the U.S.A. Government has decided to build a Hammond radio-controlled torpedo-boat as a practical test of this principle of steering a craft by wireless. This is to have a petrol-using engine that is to develop 1,600 b.h.p., a torpedo carried in the bow containing 1,500lbs. of T.N.T., or its equivalent in high explosives, and is to be controlled from the shore. Its speed is supposed to be about 35 knots, and its cost somewhere in the vicinity of 373,000 dollars. But the idea strikes me that here is a chance for those folk who would love to skipper a craft from *terra firma* to indulge their delight and at the same time give their friends a sea trip. What about it, my exquisitely garbed longshoremen, this fine weather?

* * *

WITH the Sunbeam racing cars for the Grand Prix road race at Le Mans on July 25 discarding the magneto in favour of a Delco Remy battery system, we shall all watch their performances with a view of learning whether the "mag." is to be abolished in the future Sunbeam *ordinaire*. So much improvement has been made in coils, in batteries, in cut-outs and in wiring that, if the Sunbeam electrical system, with its dynamo driven off the crank-shaft by

(*Continued on page 158*)

The Post-War
ROLLS-ROYCE

May 2nd, 1921.

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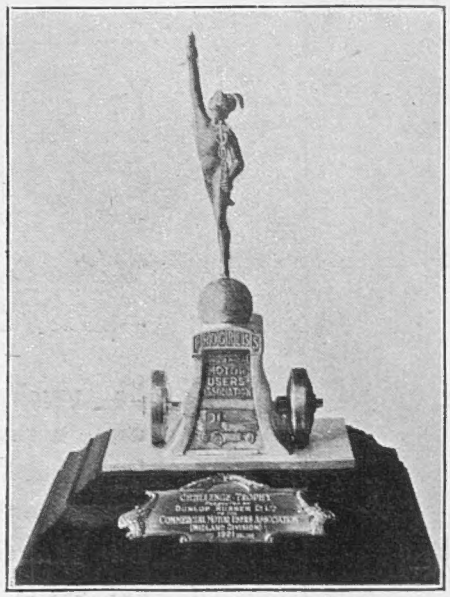
MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

a spiral gear is successful, I should not be a bit surprised to see the magneto discarded by quite a number of British firms. Especially may this be the case now that everybody is trying to cut the cost of manufacture by every possible halfpenny, leave alone sovereigns, and the six-volt battery system is cheaper by quite a number of paper poundlets. Anyway, I do hope a British firm will put a decent battery and coil set on the market, as, much as I and others appreciate what our U.S.A. friends have done to bring this system to the front again, I hope British cars will stick to British-made electrical equipment.

* * *

THERE seems an awful lot of pow-wow about a suggestion of an amalgamation of the Royal Automobile Club and the Automobile Association. As a matter of fact, one might as well talk of amalgamating oil and water as to hope of any success in combining these two bodies, though quite a lot of us, myself included, belong to both. In the first case, the A.A. road service is getting less and less wanted as the authorities do away with police-traps and take greater control of cross-roads danger spots, and the same remarks apply to the R.A.C. guides. As for the *triptyques*, only one organisation is needful to do this, and motorists as a body don't care a tinker's curse whether the R.A.C. or the A.A. manage this part of the business, but it is quite certain there is no great use in having two strings to this bow. At present the full R.A.C. member has the best bargain, as he gets far more for his money than the A.A. member, though the former may pay six guineas to the latter's three guineas per annum. In fact, it is because the A.A. subscription is so low that so many people join it, but, candidly, I do not believe one person in a thousand has received any benefit for his or her subscription beyond the general salute of the scouts if there is no "measured distance" in the offing.



DUNLOP CHALLENGE TROPHY

Presented to the Commercial Motor Users Association (Midland Division) by the Dunlop Rubber Company. It will be awarded annually, together with valuable cash prizes, until it is eventually won outright

* * *

ACTUALLY the R.A.C. associated clubs throughout the country keep the parent body informed as to the conditions of the roads in their district, but the A.A. publish each week the reports of their scouts on the same matter. What one would like to see would be a unification of the great body of motor vehicle owners in a single organisation, so that for political purposes a strong front can be defended should attempts be made to pass legislation affecting motoring as a whole. This would, however, mean a lessening of the staff of officials of each of the different organisations supposed to look after the interests of pleasure and business motor owners, and, naturally, they would resent having their bread and butter taken away. Truth to tell, the club has to be maintained because there must be some organisation to be the head of the sporting side of motoring, to regulate racing and other competitions. There must be the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders to look after the trade interests of the manufacturers and dealers, but what good all the other bodies do is very hard to say.

OLD HY.

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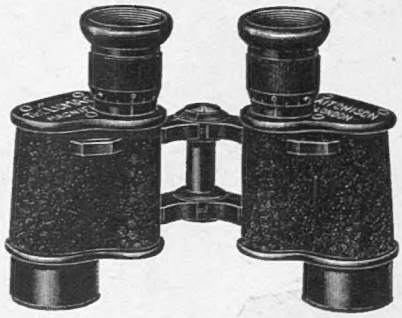

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